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THE WILSON'S TERN.

State Normal Magazine.

"OCTOBER."

STELLA BLOUNT, '06.

Golden sunlight flickering down,
Brown nuts falling to the ground,
Misty stillness all around—
In October.

Spider webs cross the way,
All a soft and silvery grey,
Mock birds caroling a lay—
In October.

Gold leaves, red leaves whispering low,
As the sweet-breathed breezes blow,
Brown leaves all our paths bestow—
In October.

Meadows stretching far and near,
A bob white calling soft and clear,
Purple shadows drawing near—
In October.

Mellow lights that fade and die,
Swift-winged swallows twittering by,
One star glimmering in the sky—
In October.

OLD SANTA FE.

ANNIE G. RANDALL.

"A Spanish city in the heart of the Rockies—a composite of old Madrid and of Washington; the sixteenth and the twentieth centuries hand-in-hand; an oasis in the desert; a glowing painting in a golden frame!" These were the exclamations of an Eastern woman who recently entered the quaint old town of Santa Fe. In comparison, Paris is less foreign and any English town is more home-like to an American from "the East."

The narrow winding streets; the flat-roofed, one-story adobe houses, each with its portale—a pillared gallery over the sidewalk—the dusky men, women and children ever restful and resting; the white-robed and white-veiled young first communicant; the black-robed and black-veiled old Mexican woman; the soft lilt of the Spanish tongue—all tell of the days when Coronado and his countrymen cast the shadow of old Spain across that sunny land.

North Carolina educational institutions have not a monopoly of long names, for the capital of New Mexico was called "Villa Real de Santa Fe de San Francisco d'Assiyi." This has now contracted into "Santa Fe."

There is standing and still used as a residence what is said to be the oldest dwelling house in the United States. It looks as if it might be the oldest in the world and the ugliest. The walls, floor and roof are of adobe—sundried brick and mud. The door is so small that a woman of average size must stoop to enter. The window is a small, square opening which is closed at night with a board shutter. Across the alley, called De Vargas street, stands the Church of San Miguel, erected in 1550. This, it is claimed, is the oldest church edifice in the United States. It, too, is of adobe, but as a relic, it has been injured by an absurd frame tower and belfry added within

recent years. Its bell is much older than the building, and was sent from Spain by some devout grandee, probably as a peace offering for aristocratic excesses. In this church are paintings whose age makes them of great value.

A few squares away stands the capitol, surrounded with its magnificent grounds. It is of yellow sandstone not unlike in outline our National capitol. Outside it is inferior to the State House at Raleigh, but within it is much more handsome. This is in the old part of the city and is in startling contrast with its surroundings. It would be more in keeping on Palace Avenue, where the beautiful modern houses in the midst of shaded grounds and blooming flowers bring a realizing sense that the desert can indeed be made to blossom like the rose. Here the Americans live. Here and in other homes where there is verdure is to be found that artist, Water, who alone can paint the desert, and his services must be dearly paid for. Only the Government and the well-to-do citizen can afford such a luxury as running water.

The cultured Spanish-American homes are built of adobe and are of one story, but pen and ink cannot describe their charm. Usually they are constructed on three sides of a court in which are fountains, grass, flowers and trees. Now and then is seen the gleam of a marble figure. The fourth side of the court is a wall in which are gates or doors. Formerly these walls were the height of the houses, but the old ones have crumbled and the new ones are low since the homes no longer need defence. The living rooms open on this court and between the pillars of the cool inner portale the hammock sways and inviting couches or easy chairs tell of the dreamy leisure of these daughters of Castilian kings.

The most interesting building of the city is the old palace of the Governors, which has been continuously occupied for more than three hundred years under Spanish, Pueblo, Mexican and United States rule. Here is the Territorial museum which, to the historian, is worth a trip to Santa Fe, the postoffice, some private offices and several residences. Here Lew Wallace, while Governor of New Mexico, wrote Ben Hur. The

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building is kept in repair and there are no marks to tell of the centuries which it has known, nor the struggles and tragedies which its walls have witnessed. It faces the beautiful old plaza through which, for three hundred and fifty-four years, has surged the life of Santa Fe. The Plaza is the heart of the city. Here on Sunday evening from seven until ten the band plays and all the world gathers; the old to be soothed by the music and the hand-shake of friends; the young for the telling of the old, old story; the poor for rest; the rich to relieve ennui; the sad for musing; the merry for a frolic. Far out over the desert floats the music to the sick, to the Sisters in their Convent, to the Brothers in their Monastery. Though it be Sunday, one does not hear "sacred" music, but the soul is not conscious of sin because the heart bounds and the foot taps to the strains of "Hail Columbia," nor does it seem a sacrilege even to one descended from a Mayflower passenger to supply the words to "The Old Folks at Home," when the melody carries us back to them. These Mexicans take their pleasures quietly. In that Plaza was the only crowd this writer has ever seen that heard "Dixie" without an expression of enthusiasm. When an impulsive Southern woman indulged in a hand-clap, she was quickly subdued by the stately splendor of the silence about her. After that, she, too, listened in quiet to the dancing notes of the tune which ever thrills to thundrous applause an Eastern or a Southern audience.

The population is varigated. In any gathering one may see all the tints which human skin can present. But few negroes are seen. However, they are as "good" as anybody, mingling in the schools and churches with their lighter-hued neighbors The Indians are more numerous and are petted both by the United States Government and by the Roman Catholic Church. The Americans number one thousand, about one-fifth of the population. These are just wide-awake "white folks" from "the States," who have been sent out by their physicians or by Uncle Sam. Few of these have lived there more than twenty years, but they compose the progressive element of the city. The rest of the population are Mexicans and Spanish-Ameri-

cans. The former are descendants of the aboriginal Indians and their Spanish conquerors. The latter are the children of old Spain's aristocracy and nobility. There is no mistaking these. They are a gracious and a handsome people, tall, straight, rich in color with soft voice and gentle manner. Fairy tales of lawlessness are told of this people. For strenuousness, they are far behind our mountaineers. The saloon is in evidence on every business street and these are handsomely supported, but their victims are not boisterous. The invalid's sleep is not disturbed by midnight carousal. A more law-abiding community cannot be found in our country. Any woman may safely walk the streets at night. Fear has been left out of the composition of the Santa Fe girl. It is claimed that there is no case on record of a Mexican offering injury or insult to a woman. For the most part, the natives are indolent and ignorant. The little "schooling" they have is secured in the institutions of the Roman Catholic Church. The public school has taken no hold upon them. The revival of learning has not yet been started there. They need an Aycock and a McIver. It is doubtful, however, if even these great motors could yet start the educational machinery which is so clogged by ignorance and its consequent poverty. There are numerous Roman Catholic schools and a Presbyterian mission school for girls. A Federal Indian school is located here, presided over until recently by a North Carolina man, Dr. Stephen B. Weeks. Miss Drexel, of Philadelphia, has established a school for Indians and Negroes, which is in the hands of the Sisters of St. Catherine.

The Indians are all "good Catholics," coming in from their Pueblo quite piously to receive communion and absolution, then returning to their "prayer-sticks" and secret pre-historic religious rites.

There is an excellent free library supported by the Woman's Board of Trade. This body has also the care of the Playa, public charities, and of other civic duties usually handled by men.

New Mexico since its discovery has been Spanish, and in consequence the natives are Roman Catholic. Their churches,

schools and charitable institutions are numerous, but other denominations, Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians and Presbyterians also have beautiful churches, which are well supported.

With a generous income one may live delightfully in Santa Fe. Those who must count the pennies should not go there. Pennies, by the way, are not in use. No one will take less than a nickel in trade. Living is necessarily expensive since the country cannot produce its food. Santa Fe has in Kansas—a two days' journey—her meat market, her garden and orchard, her dairy and her grist mill. Canned food is the dependence of many. A watermelon costing 90 cents there can be bought in Greensboro for ten cents. Kerosene oil is 30 cents per gallon.

Mexicans live on *chili con carne,* which is about the same as "boarding house hash," seasoned and colored with red pepper. Their bread as baked in great adobe ovens which stand outside of every Mexican's door. In appearance, they are like exaggerated bee hives. This bread is not for sale except in Mexican cafes where, together with hot tamales and other Mexican dainties it may be found.

Coal is the winter fuel, but in summer the burro brings from the mountains the sweet smelling pino, which as a stove wood has no superior. A burro load costs twenty-five cents, and might be carried in two wheelbarrows. Men or boys usually walk and drive two or three of the droll little animals, with the wood packed almost around their bodies by means of a saddle and cords. It is cut ten miles or more back in the mountains, so the wood merchant must daily do the cutting and walk twenty miles for his wage of fifty or seventy-five cents.

The climate is usually very dry. By courtesy, June, July and August are called "the rainy season," when each afternoon for an hour or more the lightnings flash, the thunders roar, and a few drops of rain are wrung from the angry clouds. The latter then roll by on the chariot of the wind which never fails. Like the poor, it is ever present in New Mexico. It

raises columns and curtains of gold from the yellow sands of the desert. It moves in glittering masses the tin cans from which the people raise their fruits and vegetables. It gives wide circulation to literature which would otherwise perish on the garbage pile. Its work is charitable, too, for it helps to feed the mainstay, the burden-bearer, the bread-winner of New Mexico—the noble, the grotesque, the lovable burro. What this gentle creature would do for food if the wind did not bring old coats, shoes, papers and house sweepings to his tired feet, none may know since the thistle and the cac'tus are not sufficient for the many. He eats them all. Everything is grist that comes to his mill—this Rocky Mountain canary. Like the bird of dawning, he singeth all night long, to say nothing of the daylight melodies. The coyote tries to shame him into silence, but in vain; the prairie dog scolds him, but he does not mind. When the spirit moves him, he must stop to sing the song his fathers sang, then moves on at last, beaten and prodded by his driver's stick.

The great industry of Santa Fe is advertising its climate. Much is claimed for it, some of which is true. The dryness and the sweetness of the air are finer than any advertisement can tell, but it is "a barren and dry land, where no water is." Consequently it is a weary country to those who know and love the joys of fertile fields. The altitude of 6,039 feet is too great for comfort to some lung sufferers. Many invalids go there who at first are buoyed and hopeful, but the bare Rockies, the miles of yellow sand, "sun silence and adobe" in dreary monotony soon bring the longing for change. They move on hoping to find elsewhere the health which has not come. Others who can, invest in water, dig deep wells, build wind mills, irrigate—live on to old age in comfort. A few get well and return to their homes.

The atmosphere is no clearer than is that of our mountains. The air is no sweeter. The earth is not so lovely by the length and breadth of our streams or by the height of our forest kings. That is New Mexico. This is Carolina.

WITH THE CAROLINA SEA BIRDS.

T. GILBERT PEARSON.

"Sea Gull" is the term usually employed when reference is made to any of that group of long-winged fliers known to naturalists as *Longipennes*. Those species which frequent the salt waters of Eastern North Carolina in summer belong chiefly to the family of Terns. The royal, Wilson's and least being those varieties which together with the black skimmer or "shear-water," gather here each year to lay their eggs and rear their young far from the abode of man.

"The sea bird's nest.

Six small islands scattered through Pamlico Sound are inhabited by these birds. At two points only on the outlying beaches of "The Banks" have they been known to congregate for this purpose of recent years. Several years ago, before the great slaughter began by the millinery feather hunters for the New York trade, immense flocks of these birds were to be

found haunting the beaches and marsh flats about all the inlets as well as the islands of the sounds.

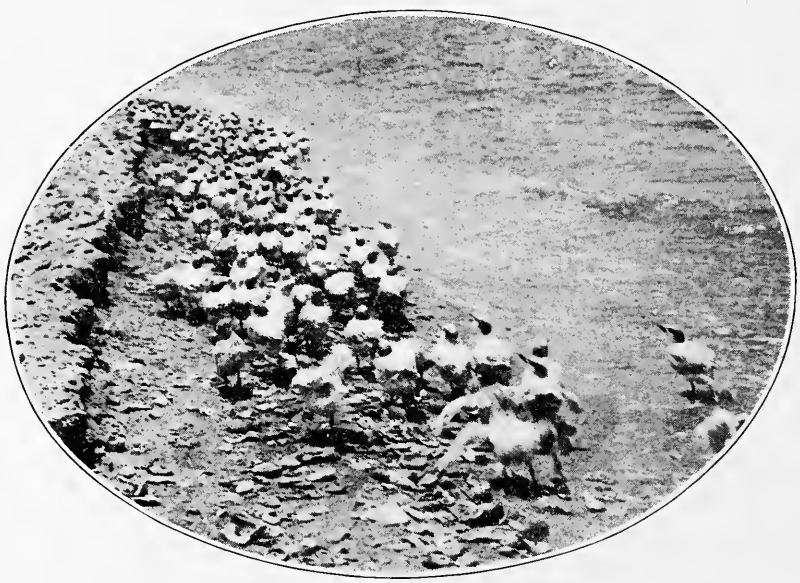
In March, 1902, the State Legislature chartered the Audubon Society of North Carolina as the State bird and game commission, one of its duties being to enforce the bird and game laws by means of special officers known as "game wardens." The same Act made it a misdemeanor to kill any harmless or useful bird, thus extending protection at all seasons to the non-game birds with the exception of a few harmful species. All gulls are covered under this Act, and as a result of the protection afforded them through the activity of the four State game wardens employed by the Audubon Society, the first year saw seventeen hundred young birds raised.

The past summer the work of the warden force has been equally vigilant, and the results have been such as to cheer the hearts of all who are interested in bird protection in North Carolina. During the middle week in August in company with two wardens, Messrs. Jennett and O'Neal, the writer visited the chief nesting places of the birds. One of these is on Royal Shoal Island. This is a narrow semi-circular shaped body of sand and shells raising its back perhaps two feet above the water at high tide. It is located in Pamlico Sound, about twelve miles from Ocracoke, famous in local history as being the place where the pirate, "Black Beard," met his fate. As we approached the island, clouds of white and silvery-gray birds arose and circling out to meet us, filled the summer wind with their discordant cries. This island is a type of all other islands where these birds now breed. No tree or bush is to be seen, and only on the higher portions do a few small slumps of wild sea oats or sand-spur grass find root. Here and there also are strewn patches of brown sea weed or eel grass left by the receding tide and marking the highest reaches of the waves.

But the birds and the eggs! There were the glories of this otherwise dreary island. Every few yards would be found three or four spotted eggs, occupying simply a slight hollow in the sand. Such were the sea birds' nests. Numerous egg shells lay scattered about, giving evidence that our visit had occurred

late in the season. In fact, a little farther on we had abundant reason to believe that at this time most of the eggs had hatched.

Standing upon the sand near the water's edge at a distance, were seen a large number of young birds. Upon a nearer approach we experienced the thrills of following close upon a great company of young royal terns running along the beach, and of taking their photographs in many attitudes. They could not yet fly, but when we came too near for their peace of mind, they turned quickly out to sea and swam with apparent ease and comfort. This we later observed some birds do which were so young they were scarcely able to walk.



"Young royal terns running along the beach."

The flock contained three hundred and forty-one young, as we found by successively cutting out small detachments and counting them before allowing the companies to reunite. The whole time that we were upon the island the old birds and those young which were matured enough to be upon the wing flew in a wildly screaming throng over head, some anxious ones at times even swooping downward within a yard of our heads. Imagine two thousand birds the size of chicken hawks, pure white below, pearl-gray above and with large orange red bills,

storming about one's ears and pouring out their wrath in a continuous jargon of withering abuse, and you can understand something of our sensations.

Crouching here and there in the bunches of sand-spur grass or among the shells, one species of young bird was found which did not foregather with the juvenile terns on the beach. There were the baby black skimmers. They readily sat for their photographs, as a bird in the hand must do, and when liberated would at once crouch again upon the sand and become almost invisible by reason of the protective coloring with which Nature has painted their backs.

"A bird in the hand,"—young black skimmer."

The old birds bountifully supply the young with food and great numbers of small fish lay upon the beaches. With few exceptions the fish observed did not belong to species usually esteemed for food by man. But even if the birds ate only food fishes, it is difficult to understand how they could ever hurt the fishing industries when we consider that many fish are known to lay as many as half a million eggs in a single season, and

that the shore line of North Carolina following the main land and both sides of the banks aggregate 3,000 miles!

A few more years of such protection as the birds are now having, it is hoped will result in once more populating the coast with flocks somewhat like those found there in former years. Between twenty-five hundred and three thousand birds are believed to have been raised in the protected colonies the past season.

The people of the coast with whom I talked were all gladdened by the sight of the increasing numbers of sea birds. One reason for this was easily seen when a fisherman near Hatteras pointed out to me a large flock of birds flying about a spot in the sound and explained that when the birds were seen feeding in such numbers it indicated a school of fish below and that there the fisherman might spread his net with strong hopes of certain reward.

I have seen few sights of bird life more interesting than those to be observed about the summer home of the sea birds. We were loath to leave this fascinating spot and as we sailed away, the enchantment of the place grew upon us. Looking back we could see the white wings gathered about the sands again and settling down like flakes of whitest snow. This pleasing sight was our last view of the terns flying over Royal Shoal Island.

"Terns flying over Royal Shoal Island."

LOCAL TAXATION FOR SCHOOLS.

BY. DR. CHARLES D. McIVER.*

There are a few words we use to conjure with. The word "free" is very attractive. The very word "liberty" is sweet to us, and hearing the word "tyranny" makes us bristle with resentment. It is not unnatural, therefore, that public leaders should make frequent use of these terms to excite passion and active interest. Nor is it wonderful that good should sometimes be denounced as tyranny and bad policies should frequently be defended in the name of liberty. A certain definite interest, favorable or unfavorable, attaches to the class of words to which I refer, and makes them natural promoters of prejudice. As an illustration of this, the word "tax" is an unwelcome word, even where it is not a hated word. The aversion to taxation is due to one of the following three causes:

1. Ignorance of the fact that taxation is simply an exchange of a little money for something better—civilized government. The savage alone is exempt from taxation. It is strange that the man who pays cheerfully his annual insurance premium for protection against fire and death should regard it as tyranny when called upon to pay his tax, which is an annual premium to protect against arson and murder.

2. There is, of course, another class of people who oppose all taxation because of pure selfishness. They know that organized government is a necessity, but this class of people will never pay for anything if they think they can make other people pay for it. They regard any system that calls upon them to give up anything for any purpose, however good, as a thing to be avoided. This is the "penny-wise and pound-foolish" class, and overreaches itself by hindering all progress. Selfishness has in it the seeds of death.

3. Then there is a certain inherited hatred of taxation, due

*Address delivered before the Southern Educational Association at Atlanta, December 1903.

in very large part, to the old custom of collecting taxes from one class of society to be expended for the benefit or the pleasure of another class. The people objected to paying taxes for the extravagant rioting of royalty. This was a personal application, in its most offensive form, of "taxation without representation." Moreover, the most intelligent and patriotic citizens object to taxation even for good and necessary purposes, if levied without the consent of the taxed. It is no wonder, then, that our ancestors decreed that for one class of society to levy taxes for their own selfish pleasure without even consulting those who were to pay the taxes, was unendurable tyranny. Nor is it unnatural that some of their descendants should have fallen into the unfortunate and hurtful habit of indiscriminate hostility to all taxation. This feeling is often like that expressed in the old couplet:

> "I do not like you, Dr. Fell,
> The reason why, I cannot tell."

"Dr. Fell" must have been closely related to "Dr. Tax."

It adds to the burden that educational workers must carry, while fighting their battles, that in this country general education is possible only by self-imposed taxation.

No normal American community after establishing a public school system and maintaining it for five years has ever decided that it was wise to discontinue the tax necessary to maintain the system.

What, then, is the real work of educational statesmanship and philanthropy? It is simple in statement, but difficult of accomplishment. It is our task to persuade people to vote a special tax for education in communities where there have never been efficient schools as object lessons; where there is an inherited and cultivated hatred of taxation; and where a very large proportion of the voters are either illiterate or but crudely trained. Under these conditions it is no easy task to stimulate intelligence and convert the judgment and conscience of men.

The majority of the people in this audience live in com-

munities where special local taxes have been voted for the purpose of training the children of those communities. It is not necessary that any argument should be made in favor of local taxation to any representative of such a community. It would be a waste of time to argue with a typical citizen of Atlanta as to the wisdom and justice of school taxes or school appropriations from the general taxes. The most selfish citizen, if there be such in this community, knows that Atlanta makes no better investment than the money she collects in taxes for the maintenance of a good school system, while other citizens, looking beyond mere investment, recognize their debt to preceding generations for establishing civilization for us, and are glad to discharge the obligations to the past, so far as possible, by generous provision for the training of present and future generations.

If I were addressing a community which had not levied a special educational tax, I should undertake to show that such a tax is just, wise, economical and necessary. I prefer, however, to ask you to consider the duty and the opportunity of your own communities that have already levied this tax and established their schools to the communities which have not done so. Atlanta knows that she gets more than value received for the money she invests in her educational system. Is it not true, and cannot Atlanta help to teach some other communities in Georgia the truth, that it would be wise and profitable for them to follow her example? Is it sufficient even for the centers of commerce themselves that they should have good educational facilities for their own children and that their neighbors should not have such advantages? Have they no concern, selfish concern, if you please, for education in other communities allied to them by political and commercial ties? Can you make Georgia a greater, stronger and freer State without making Atlanta greater, stronger and freer? Is it not the duty of Atlanta and of every other city and community in the Southern States, which has found it wise and profitable to levy a special local tax to educate its children, to use every possible legitimate

means to persuade every other community in the South, large and small, to do the same thing?

I would not miss the mark very far if I were to say that in the States here represented nine-tenths of the urban communities have voted a special local tax for the improvement of their schools within the past thirty years, and that, on the other hand, nine-tenths of the rural communities have not yet voted such a tax. None of the communities that have voted the tax have been converted to it by any miracle. It has been by the slow process of persuading men that it is right and wise and profitable to vote the tax. It is not difficult to persuade an intelligent man that this is true, and one such convert will convert many others in his community.

In discussing education in the South the following facts and conditions must be kept in mind:

1. *Area.* The area of the Southern States is about 800,000 square miles, about sixteen times the area of New York State.

2. *Urban and Rural Population.* In all this territory there are only twenty-four cities with a population above 30,000, and only one hundred and fifty other cities whose population is over 5,000. Three States, North Carolina, Florida and Mississippi, have no city in the former class, and four or five others have only one such city. Of the 1,800,000 people in North Carolina, 1,600,000 live in the country or in villages of less than 2,000 population, leaving only 200,000 people living in the cities or towns of more than 2,000 inhabitants. The proportion of urban population is a little lower in North Carolina than in the entire South; but Mississippi is even more rural than North Carolina.

3. *Local Tax in Practically all Urban and no Rural Communities.* In practically every community with more than 2,000 inhabitants, a local school tax has been voted by the people to supplement the school fund provided by State levy and otherwise, and the result is public schools in these communities that compare favorably with those in communities of similar size elsewhere. But in not 10 per cent. of the *rural* communities in the South have the people voted a special local school

tax. At least six States have no county that has levied such a tax on all its property.

When it is remembered that wherever satisfactory public schools exist in this country, north or south, whether in urban or rural communities, from one-half to nine-tenths of the school revenue is raised by local taxation, the above conditions appear in their true light.

4. *The County Superintendent.* What is needed is stronger men to lead the people in the rural sections to do what their neighbors in the cities and towns have already done. Unfortunately, ever since the Revolution, which was fought on a tax issue, the loudest-talking political leader has taught the people to hate the word "tax"—not any particular tax, but just tax.

To persuade the people that the levying of any tax is a profitable investment demands more power than is possessed by the average county superintendent. The average salary of the county superintendent in several Southern States is less than $400. Men are now needed in these positions who can teach the truth that an industrious community may become rich by levying certain taxes for its own improvements, that taxation is one of the chief characteristics of civilization, that the savage pays no tax. The local school tax is the fundamental necessity of the South, and men must be secured who can persuade the people to vote this tax upon themselves. A persistent, tactful campaign alone can do this.

How shall we persuade these communities to do what we have already done, and when shall we begin? There are two lines of special work to be done, the first by the teacher, the second largely by other citizens. Educational leaders must make themselves familiar with all the details of taxation and school revenues. They ought to be able to show any man in their respective communities, who occasionally will complain of his school tax, how little he pays and how great are the returns from that small tax. He ought to be able to show the many citizens, who think that they can not afford the school tax, that their tobacco tax and whiskey tax, which they pay voluntarily, amount to more than their school tax. He ought

not only to be *able* to go to the tax books and know *how* to get the information, but *he ought to go and get it,* and tell the community exactly how much it will cost to make the schools what they ought to be, and exactly how many citizens there are in a community to whom the cost would be as much as a dollar a year. He ought to be able to address an audience, whether it consists of one person, a group of people, or a congregation, and give them a business statement in regard to the public schools of the community.

In my State it will be possible to double the public school fund and make a fairly efficient school system, if our people can be persuaded to vote upon themselves a special tax of 30 cents on a hundred dollars worth of property and 90 cents on each poll; and if this should be voted, the additional annual property tax of four-sevenths of the rural population in a dozen of the leading counties of the State, whose tax books I have examined, would be less than 90 cents.

If we teachers can not do this piece of public service, which has never been done properly, and present this question to the public through the press and otherwise in a business fashion, I say that the public should dismiss us from its service, and employ some people who take a rational interest in their own business.

The other work to which I refer is the work of citizens of all classes in our leading communities. Recently this great and enterprising city of Atlanta decided that it desired to do something for education and—for itself. Great meetings were called and it raised a quarter of a million dollars by individual subscriptions to secure the location of a great institution of learning in the city. This was a fine piece of enterprise, considered selfishly or otherwise, and I hope that Atlanta will secure the prize. Part of this money was subscribed for philanthropic reasons. Would it not be possible to raise in the city of Atlanta a fund going well up into the thousands to be used for encouraging the people of the rural districts of Georgia to vote upon themselves a special school tax sufficient to properly equip their buildings and maintain such schools as

are necessary for the children of a free democracy? Many of the urban centers that are now so far ahead of the rural communities in education were aided in their early struggle to establish their school systems by assistance from the Peabody Fund or from other philanthropic sources.

Is there not such a thing as community philanthrophy? Is it not possible for us to persuade the people where we live to raise a fund, small or large, to be used to aid the people of another particular community that is now willing to vote a special tax, as our own community voted it, by the help and encouragement of others, ten, twenty or thirty years ago?

The enterprising cities of Greensboro and Charlotte in North Carolina, a little more than a year ago raised $10,000 for this purpose, knowing that not one cent of it could be used within their borders. This money was duplicated by an equal amount from the General Education Board, but the work had been inaugurated and half the amount raised by Greensboro for the rural schools of Guilford county was subscribed before the General Education Board had been organized. When the General Education Board saw that they could strengthen this work of community philanthrophy, they gladly made a proposition which enabled the friends of the movement to raise much larger local subscriptions than could have been secured without its co-operation. The $20,000 has been or will be distributed to aid the rural schools of Mecklenburg, Henderson and Guilford counties. The fund is given to aid those townships and districts that vote a local tax sufficient to conduct a good school. In the three counties, thirty-six districts have levied a special tax, and not only secured part of the money contributed by the citizens of Charlotte and Greensboro and by the General Education Board, but have raised by private subscriptions in their local communities, larger amounts than they have received. The best result, of course, is the increase of $7,000 or $10,000 in the permanent annual school fund of these rural districts. This is one of the results of what I call Community philanthropy. Many towns and cities will raise

money for such philanthropic purposes, when the usefulness of such a fund is properly presented to them.

It ought not to be difficult to find a hundred citizens of Atlanta who would contribute to such a fund $100 a year for three years. This $10,000 a year could be so used as to increase the investment in the training of Georgia children more than $1,000,000 in ten years. If the teaching profession will lead this movement with intelligence and energy, and if it can have the co-operation of the public-spirited citizens of Atlanta and other progressive cities of the State, the Greater Georgia of destiny is now in sight, and what is true of Atlanta and Georgia is true of every other city and State in the South.

WHY THE JAPANESE WIN.

Within the past six months the world has been much astonished by the wonderful series of successful engagements which the Japanese troops have had with the Russian soldiers and sailors. They seem to defeat their opponents with comparative ease, and not only do they out-fight, but they out-maneuver them in every battle. Many observers in the field with the armies write that the personnel of the Japanese army is far more intelligent and this doubtless accounts for their magnificent victories. The following statement from the *World's Work* bears strongly on this point: "Russia has a population numbering three and one-half times that of Japan, and yet Japan has one million more children in school than has Russia."

LINES TO MISS F..... G.....

(*From the College Rostrum.*)

There were five hundred maids—
  And one, so good and sweet,
Three hundred pompadours and more
  Their size not often beat,
Waving locks and curls galore,
  Frizzles, bangs and braids.
One maid, with smooth and gleaming hair,
  Stepped forth from some old frame,
So pure, so calm, so fair—
  And yet of mathematic fame!
Just so, our mothers looked, I'm told,
  And could I be so bold,
Were I a man, I'd like her best,
And choose her from the rest.

N. M.

A YOUNG GRADUATE'S FIRST SCHOOL.

FLORA M. SMITH.

Polly Flint, an enthusiastic little Virginia girl, had just graduated and was very anxious to teach school and make some money of her own. Polly's mother knowing the hardship of a teacher's life, persuaded her to wait until she was older and more experienced, and to spend her first free winter with her aunt Christina in the mountains of the State. Polly enjoyed the rough mountains, but she longed to teach school like her classmates.

One morning while she was at breakfast with her aunt, she received a note from Miss Wren, the teacher of the neighborhood school, asking her to teach for her that day, as she was sick. Polly was delighted, and taking a luncheon, hurried away, kissing her hand to Aunt Christina as she went down the path.

A brisk walk of thirty minutes brought her to a small, dilapidated house situated near a little stream which wound along the foot of the mountain. On the side where the ground sloped, the house was propped up with rails. Many of the window lights were out, their place being supplied by paper and the backs of old copy books. Around the door paper was strewn promiscuously. Polly guessing this to be the school house, opened the door and entered. The children, some ragged and soiled, others neat and clean, were standing around an old stove in the center of the room. They eyed Polly shyly in response to her pleasant greeting while she explained that she would be their teacher for that day. Polly sent one of the older boys for some wood to make a better fire. While waiting for this she looked around the room. It was as dilapidated within as without. Bits of paper were scattered about the dirty floor. Books were lying about on the benches which served as desks. Dinner buckets, hats, and cloaks lined the walls. The doors had long since been broken from their fast-

enings and they were now held in place by boards which propped them from within.

Polly at last realized why her mother did not wish her to teach, but she determined to make the best of things. As no Bible could be found in the room, Polly opened her exercises by repeating with the children the Lord's Prayer. Then she called up the first arithmetic class. All who were to recite in this class took seats on a long bench in front, the boys jostling and pushing one another to keep from sitting next to the girls.

As Polly was busily engaged in looking over some examples which she had given the class to work, she saw one large boy standing up in his seat, and a little fellow over in one corner industriously rubbing his ear. Polly looked at them both sternly. The little boy after wriggling about for a time, whined out, "Well, teacher, he hit me with a piece of plastering." This the big boy flatly denied. Plastering filled the air all day. Polly said afterwards that the walls of that school room must have been like the "widow's cruise of oil," if the children threw as much plastering every day as they did the one she taught.

A little long-headed fellow, whom the children called "Cocoanut," was in a particularly mischievous frame of mind. He played paper dolls, stuck pins in the girls behind him and made paper wind mills all day long. Polly had to watch him constantly to keep him from pinning paper tags on her back, knowing that this would produce an uproar. Every now and then a child would come up and ask to be allowed to go for water or to the stove. Polly soon found that when she let one go, the whole school wanted to do the same, so she had to let them go in "squads." When one "squad" got warm they went to their seats, and another company took their places. There was a continued buzz in the room, and Polly's "Be quiet, children," was no more heeded than the wind which whistled around the corners of the house.

At last all of the lessons were finished, and, as it was not quite time to let the children go, Polly told them to get out their copy books and write awhile. "Miss Wren don't make us write this time er day," piped up "Cocoanut." "No

she don't," chinned in another. "I haven't got no copy book," said a third, and before Polly could realize it, she had brought a storm of protests around her ears. She finally succeded in subduing the uproar and soon supplied all the apparent needs. When the writing was finished, she told the children to put their books in their desks. This feat being accomplished without serious mishap, the little boys immediately began jumping up and tip-toeing after their caps and dinner buckets, but Polly with a solemn face, made them hang their hats up again and return to their seats. Then she excused them, telling them to go out quietly. The last injunction was little heeded, for as soon as she said "excused," they whistled, whooped, and yelled like a set of wild Indians having a war dance.

When Polly reached home and Aunt Christina asked her how she liked her little taste of teaching, she answered with a grave face: "Well, Auntie, I hope all teaching is not like that which I experienced today."

I went into the fields to rest,
The sun hung on the rim of the west.
A sparrow chirped as it dropped to its nest,—
And my soul had found the boon of its quest.

THE WITCH-RABBIT.

IONE CATES, '05.

ONCE there lived in the back woods of North Carolina an odd old woman named Cely Britt. Many believed her to be a witch and about the firesides of the neighborhood strange tales were told of her supernatural powers. It was thought that she could convert herself into any animal she chose, and further, it was declared that she could render herself invisible at will.

Adjoining the forest on the edge of which her small house stood, was a field wherein grew only sedge grass and a few dwarf pines. This is yet called the "witch rabbit" field, for it is told there once lived here a hare which was strangely associated with Cely Britt. A weird tale which centers round this "witch rabbit" may even now be heard from the lips of the negroes living in the neighborhood.

This rabbit, 'tis said, was never observed before sunset, nor after sunrise, although some there were who claimed to have seen it going towards Cely Britt's cabin as the sun came up, and one man declared it always appeared just in time for sunset and standing on its hind legs watched curiously the last rays of the sinking orb.

It was hunted repeatedly by the men and boys in the neighborhood, but seemed proof against dog and gun. Often when it was in full view the hunters would shoot, but when the smoke cleared away the rabbit would be nowhere in sight, and the dogs would leave the field, sometimes howling piteously,

sometimes quietly slinking away with drooping head and tail. Traps were set and baited with everything known to be tempting to a rabbit, but with no result. These repeated failures but stimulated the popular desire to kill this uncanny creature, and more and more did the idea lay hold on men's minds that it was at least in part responsible for the streak of bad luck which for the past year was sweeping over the neighborhood.

Finally a negro boy went to an old woman who could conjure and begged her to make him a rabbit trap of unusual strength, possessed of all the conjured qualities possible. In a few days she had completed one such that "ef dey wuz a witch rabbit ennywhah in de whole kentry hit ud sho go in dar and stay, kase dat trap wuz made under a buckeye tree at midnight in de dark er de moon, en had a spell on it 'sides dat."

The next morning after setting his trap the boy found that he had caught a rabbit. Possibly it was the witch rabbit, who could tell? Tremblingly he took it from the trap and with his knife made such a deep cut in its throat that its head was all but severed. Then he dropped it upon the ground to die, for on no account could he allow it to die in his hands. To his great astonishment it leaped up and ran off, apparently in as good condition as ever, and upon reaching the crest of a little hill turned, so the boy vows, and waved one of his paws in a good-bye gesture. This was too much to stand calmly. The frightened negro turned and vanished from the scene almost as swiftly as the rabbit had gone.

A few days later when his nerves had somewhat steadied, he went again to see the old "conjure woman." This time she took two silver quarters, cut and pounded them into bullets, soaked these over night in the blood of a bat and murmured over them many strange things. The boy heard only these last two lines when he went in the morning to get the shot:

"Way over yander in dat long, slim pine,
"You want a chaw tobaccer, but you can't chaw mine."

"Shoot de rabbit wid dese," was her only remark.

About sunset a crowd of boys, having loaded their guns with the silver bullets, went to hunt the witch rabbit. It was soon found and one of the boys shot. The rabbit leaped high into the air and disappeared. The dogs ran howling from the field and the boys followed.

Next morning a passing traveler found Cely Britt dead in her cabin and the door swinging unfastened in the wind.

This is all any one knows of the matter except Ben, the old man who drives the spotted ox. He says that the silver coins placed on Cely's dead eyes refused to keep their places and rolled to the floor and disappeared.

Be this as it may, the boys and the dogs have never since found the trail of the "witch rabbit," and among the scrub pines of the old field its track is never seen.

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FRESHMAN DAYS.

"In the golden autumn, a great fleet sails,
Far over the heaving sea,
To the richer waters, where fishers bold
May seek for the ocean's wealth untold
Afar from the sheltering lee."

Nearly two hundred and fifty students entered the State Normal College this fall for the first time. Many of these have never been away from home for as much as a fortnight before, and to nearly all, the experience of association with a large number of other people all bound together with one expressed object is a new one. If it were possible to look into the minds of this great company of young people and discern clearly their motives in coming here and the ideals which each has in view, what a variety of subjects would be presented for our inspection! Probably most of the young women "came" to college, possibly a few, an unfortunate few, were "sent." It is always so at colleges. But even among that great class who came, gladly, eagerly, some even with tears of joy at the realization of a long-cherished desire, the views of life held by them are almost as varied as the number of individuals. We are all influenced from infancy by our environment and by

temperament until by the time we start to college we possess traits of character and ideals which, while we may not recognize the fact, are in reality a part of our very selves. We have set up certain standards by which we measure everybody and everything. As a result, the most of us in our freshman days lay great stress on certain modes of conduct which we regard as far more important than many of the more prosaic maxims of life. For instance, I have known a young woman who would mark her companion as ill bred and not worthy of her company, who at table did not rest her knife or fork *entirely* upon the plate (not with one end resting on the cloth) when she had occasion to deposit for a short time one of these homely, but useful, implements of every-day life.

Another young maiden sixteen springs old, was one day heard to say that "no lady ever calls without presenting her card; if she is a lady she will have cards; if she is not a lady she won't. No card no lady; no lady no card." she chirped. Now these young ladies held certain forms of table and social etiquette as the chief things in life.

Then again a young woman whose advances to another girl had not been well received, indignantly declared "She is an ugly, stuck up thing, and I hate her and all others like her," while another smarting under same social slight said, "Just because she can wear better clothes than I do she need not think herself so much better than I am." Here were young woman who had not learned one of the cold lessons of the world.

But during these good and useful freshman days, we begin to learn that others have opinions as well as ourselves, and further that they have a right to express them. We begin to respect the views of other people. We unlearn some of the things we have learned. Certain matters which we had regarded as trivial now begin to assume importance and others which meant so much to us before have began to decrease in our estimation. Gradually the readjusting goes on and as the great leveling agencies of college begin to be felt, the new student may realize for the first time one lesson of vast importance which her freshman days have brought to her.

MARGARET CLEMENT BURKE.

One of the saddest things of life is to see a bright young woman just as she is beginning a life of usefulness, and one which gives promise of counting for so much good, suddenly removed from earth. But we cannot judge what is wisest, a Higher One knows best.

Since our last issue the class of 1893 has lost one of its most popular members in the death of Miss Margaret Clement Burke. Miss Burke was prophet of her class, a charter member of the Adelphian Literary Society and a valued worker in the Young Woman's Christian Association. Since her graduation she has been a successful teacher in our own State and in Texas. She is remembered in this college with pride and affection.

DIXIE LEE BRYANT, Ph. D.

The New York *Evening Post* had recently the following editorial paragraph that will interest all North Carolinians:

"Miss Dixie Lee Bryant, the first woman to receive such an honor, has been made a Doctor of Philosophy by a Bavarian university. Miss Bryant is a member of the faculty of the Normal and Industrial College, at Greensboro, N. C., being professor of Biology and Geology in that institution. She has been on leave of absence for three years studying in Germany, where she has just taken her Doctor's degree. She is a bright native of Kentucky, and graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Science in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1891."

The announcement of the Associated Press was as follows:

"Miss Dixie Lee Bryant, of Greensboro, N. C., a B. S. of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in Boston, where she took peology as her main branch of study, has just taken a Doctor's degree in the Bavarian University at Erlangen, obtain-

ing the distinction of a degree *magna cum laude.* She is the first woman student 'Doctor' of that University. An American was also the first woman graduated 'Doctor' at the Universities of Heidelberg and Liepzig, and the second woman 'Doctor' of Berlin University is likewise an American."

The *German Times* makes a similar announcement, and adds the following statement:

"She obtained the distinction of *magna cum laude* from the examiners, and she is besides the first lady student doctor of that university. Her thesis was 'Contribution to the Petrography of Spitbergen,' as she has devoted special study to microscopic petrography.

"She deserves all credit for her success, won under the many difficulties that beset the studies of ladies who are foreigners. She studied one year under Prof. Rosenbusch, of Heidelberg, and two years under another great petrographer, Prof. Lenk, of Erlagen, a savant well known for his geological researches in Mexico."

Doctor Bryant is a charter member of the faculty of the State Normal and Industrial College, having begun her work here in the fall of 1892. She received her early education at Columbia, Tenn. After finishing her course there she taught for a year or two, then entered the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where she remained four years. The first year after her graduation she taught in the State Normal School of New Hampshire, since which time she has made her home at Greensboro, N. C. The college and the State, as well as Miss Bryant, are to be congratulated upon the honor which she has earned by her industry and ability.

AMONG OURSELVES.

HELEN C. HICKS, '06.

The opening of the State Normal College this year did not take place until October 6th, on account of the necessary delay in completing the new dormitory, which has been named the Spencer Building.

The night we arrived some of us feeling very blue and homesick, were met at the train by certain members of the faculty and sent to the great new building. There we were met by several "old girls" who conducted us to the dining room. After supper all assembled at Miss Kirkland's apartments, where the assignment of rooms took place. Upon entering the room which was to be our home for many months to come, the first object to meet our eyes was a card of welcome from the Young Woman's Christian Association.

New students greeted in this manner soon forget that they are in strange surroundings and the genial influence which pervades our college life soon lays deep hold upon the mind. Such true hospitality quickly had its effect, and now all have "settled down" to hard work after the pleasures of a long vacation.

The Spencer building is a structure that any college might well be proud of possessing. It is two stories high and is in the shape of a capital letter E. The dining room is in the central bar and is a large and convenient room. The remainder of the building is divided into fireproof sections of eleven rooms each. Most rooms are designed for two occupants, a few are arranged to accommodate three. All are well ventilated, have high ceilings and in every way are convenient and comfortable. Here and there in the building are small sitting rooms for the use of the girls, and each section has a separate stairway. Between each section there is a thick brick wall and two asbestos doors, which will close automatically when

heated to a certain degree. These are for use in case of fire. If fire should start in one section there would thus be small chance of it spreading to other parts of the building.

On Tuesday after our arrival we were made happy by the announcement that Wednesday we would be allowed to go to the Fair. With colors flying we reached the Fair grounds Wednesday noon and the rest of the day threw "come back" rubber balls, fed peanuts to the monkeys and watched the merry-go-round to our hearts' content. Many are lamenting the fact that "Fair day" does not come oftener.

During vacation the Students' Building, Infirmary and Curry Building were painted, which adds greatly to their appearance.

At a dormitory meeting held a few nights after our arrival, the new students learned what they might do and what they must not do.

Among our faculty this year are several of our former graduates, viz.:

Miss Parker, '03, is registrar and assistant in mathematics.
Miss Moore, '03, is assistant Latin teacher.
Miss Snyder, '03, is assistant English teacher.
Miss Hamlin, '04, is assistant in music.

We are also glad to have with us this year Dr. Gove as resident physician. She comes to take her old position as the one to soothe the aching head and bind up the sorrowing heart.

Miss Bryant, who has been on leave of absence for three years, is again a member of our faculty.

Miss Cassiday, who was assistant matron last year, has taken charge of the stationary room and the mail department. We old girls miss her in the dining room, but are beginning to know

Miss Fergerson, who has taken her place, and we like her very much.

Miss Laura Sanford was at the college a few days with her sister Mary, who is now a student here.

Miss Birdie McKinney and little sister recently visited their sister Emma here for a few days.

Mrs. Spainhour, accompanied by her little son, Joe, was a guest at the college not long ago. She came to visit her daughters, Lettie and Willie, for a few days.

Miss Bertha Lee had a pleasant visit to the Leland Stanford University, of Palo Alto, California, the past summer.

Miss Morrow says that nothing in nature has ever filled her with so much awe as did the Grand Canyon of Arizona, which she visited during vacation.

Miss Lee had the pleasure last August of showing something of North Carolina to Dr. N. G. W. Lagerstedt, royal Swedish commissioner to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. He spent his vacation in this State and was much pleased with our Southern country and people.

Mr. Hammel recently lectured before the Science Club at Pennsylvania University on "Wireless Telegraphy." On the same trip north he also lectured by invitation before the Westchester Normal School and the Montgomery County Teachers' Association, at Morristown, Pennsylvania. His subject at these places was "The Teaching of Physics."

On November 3d the students of the college gathered in the chapel and had a most enjoyable visit with members of the Daughters of the American Revolution, which organization was at that time holding a conference in Greensboro.

The new cement sidewalks which have been put down on the campus along College Avenue, have added much to the beauty as well as the comfort of life.

HOW THE FACULTY USED THE SUMMER VACATION.

Dr. McIver spent the summer directing the construction of the new Spencer Building and attending to the multitudinous duties of the executive office during this busy period. In addition to this, he accepted a number of invitations to take part in gatherings which pertained in various ways to the public welfare of the country. Among these may be mentioned his lectures at the Summer Schools of the University of Alabama, the University of Tennessee, and the State Agricultural and Mechanical College of North Carolina. He also was on the program of the State Teachers' Assembly at Morehead City, and spoke at the opening of the new building of the Oxford Female Seminary. Besides directing the campaign for the Southern Education Board in this State, he passed a week in consultation with members of the board at the beautiful summer home of the treasurer, Mr. George Foster Peabody, on Lake George. Dr. McIver was chairman of the platform committee at the meeting of the National Educational Association held at St. Louis in June. He and United States Commissioner of Education W. T. Harris were appointed to respond to the address of welcome by the governor, mayor, State superintendent, President Francis, and others. Of President McIver's response the *St. Louis Chronicle* said: "Dr. Charles McIver, of North Carolina, won the heartiest applausive reward of the day by his witty address, and he was encored for several blushing bows."

Mr. Foust, the Dean of the Faculty, attended the State University Summer School and for four weeks instructed classes of teachers in Mathematics. With the assistance of Mr. Charles Coon, he conducted the Teachers' Institute at Elizabeth City. This school, which was three weeks long, was largely attended by the teachers from the five northeastern counties for whom it was held. He also conducted the Carteret County Institute at Beaufort, and for two weeks gave instruction in that

dreamy, delightful "City by the Sea." His address on "Needed School Legislation" at the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly, was one of the best received speeches of the gathering. Mr. Foust spoke at other places during the summer, one of these being at Whisett Institute, where his subject was "The Weakness of North Carolina." These various duties having but stimulated his appetite for work, he was back at college long before the opening and by the time the students began to arrive, had the Practice School organized and running smoothly.

Mr. Smith utilized the time of the vacation period in furthering his historical researches and enjoying the comforts of his new house on Spring Garden street, west of the college. He acted as chairman of the committee to decide upon the merits of the papers of applicants who were competing for admission to the college.

Miss Mendenhall passed five delightful weeks visiting in Yonkers, New York, with Dr. Anna M. Gove and Dr. Miriam Bitting-Kennedy. The rest of the summer she might have been found in the shade of great oak trees at Guilford College, her former home.

Miss Boddie has taken a deep interest in the organization of the Woman's Association for the Betterment of Public School Houses in North Carolina. During the vacation she gave much time to furthering this work in Nash and Warren counties. Later she returned to Greensboro and for six weeks prior to the opening of the Normal College, conducted a class in Latin.

Miss Mary Petty visited the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, at St. Louis, and spent the remainder of the summer at Archdale, North Carolina.

Mr. Hammel was director and supervisor of Manual Training at the Summer School of the South, at Knoxville, Tenn. This great institution, which is held for six weeks each summer, is easily the largest gathering of its kind in America. Mr. Hammel in like manner directed the teaching of manual training at the University of North Carolina Summer School.

In September, together with Mrs. Hammel, he visited friends in Baltimore, Maryland.

Dr. Bryant, who has been studying in Germany for three years, received her degree of Ph. D. on the 30th of June at the University of Erlangen, and reached Greensboro a few days before the opening of college.

Mr. Pearson spent several weeks with field glass and camera studying the habits of the water birds which breed in Eastern Carolina. He taught ornithology three weeks in the South Carolina State Summer School at Rock Hill, and also gave lectures on bird life at the summer schools of the University of North Carolina, Davidson College and Hartsville (S. C.). In August he addressed the Georgia State Horticultural Society at Tullulah Falls on the subject, "The Practical Enforcement of Game Laws."

Mr. Brockmann, with his family, passed the summer at Natural Bridge, Virginia. His ruddy cheek and elastic step bespeak the gain to a man whose vacation days have passed with nature in her mountain fastnesses.

Dr. Gove, after two years as physician at Vassar College and one year spent in general practice at Yonkers, New York, has returned to the State Normal College as resident physician, to the great pleasure of her many Carolina friends. She enjoyed her summer vacation with friends in the White Mountains.

Miss Lewis spent her vacation in taking a special course in English at Chicago University.

Miss Jamison enjoyed the cooling pleasures of Asbury Park and Ocean Grove during six weeks of the hot summer time. At Ocean Grove she sang in the Oratorio "Messiah." Later she returned to Greensboro and for several weeks assisted in preparing the new dormitory building for the reception of students.

Mr. Forney, in addition to his duties as Bursar of the college, has taken great interest and a most active part in supervising

the construction of the Central Public High School building for Morehead Township. This handsome structure is located on Spring Garden street, about a mile west of the college. He built a summer cottage at the foot of the mountains in Wilkes county, where, with his family, he spent most of the vacation.

Miss Morrow was one of sixty North Carolinians who, conducted by Rev. William S. Black, of Davidson, had a delightful trip last summer. Leaving Charlotte in August, they visited Atlanta, St. Louis, the Grand Canyon of Arizona, Los Angeles, San Francisco, the Yellowstone Park, Salt Lake City, the Garden of the Gods, Denver, and other places of interest. The return was made by way of St. Louis for a second visit to the World's Fair.

Miss Lee was at the World's Fair, and with other friends joined Mr. Black's party of North Carolina tourists in St. Louis and remained an enthusiastic member of the party during the whole of the western journey. Of all the itinerary, Miss Lee says that she enjoyed the time spent in the Yellowstone Park best.

Miss Fort taught the art class in the University Summer School at Chapel Hill. After the close of the four weeks' course she visited with friends in Mississippi and Tennessee.

Misses Hackney, Waters and Brockmann passed their vacation in Greensboro, as did also *Miss Hobbs,* after spending some time at Barium Springs.

Miss Dameron was so unfortunate as to have a protracted illness. Her days were spent at her home in Warrenton.

Miss Bond and *Mrs. Albright* both remained at home the most of the time.

Miss Raines was associated with Mr. Hammel in the teaching of manual training at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, and Knoxville, Tennessee.

Mr. Brown, after spending some time with friends in the Eastern States, traveled in the West for several weeks. Later

he gave instruction in vocal music in the Summer School at Raleigh, North Carolina.

Miss Coit, secretary of the college, spent the summer at routine office work connected with the heavy correspondence with applicants for admission to the college and in the various work connected with the executive offices. Miss Coit will take her vacation this month, spending the time with her brother in New York.

Miss Mary Moore attended the reunion of Confederate Veterans in August at Asheville, as sponsor. She also took a prominent part in the annual meeting of the Association for the Betterment of Public School Houses, which was held in Raleigh during July.

Mrs. Sharpe reviewed the scenes of her childhood at her old home in Reidsville during vacation. She also visited with friends in the mountains and elsewhere.

Miss Leah Jones conducted the county institute for teachers at Shelby, in Cleveland county, and also the one held in Union county. She also took part in institute work in Fayetteville, New Bern and Beaufort counties. Miss Jones did valuable work for the Woman's Association for Public School Improvement.

MISS MORROW'S "FRESHMEN."

ALUMNAE AND FORMER STUDENTS.

ELIZABETH W. HICKS, '06.

POST-GRADUATE STUDENTS.

Susan Battle, '98, is teaching at Rocky Mount.

Alice Daniels, '00, is teaching in Washington, N. C.

Auvila Lindsay, '00, is teaching in the High Point graded schools.

Christine Snyder, '03, is assistant English teacher at the State Normal College.

CLASS OF 1904.

Kate Barden has charge of the primary work and is Latin teacher in the James Sprunt Institute at Kenansville.

Millie Archer is at her home in Chapel Hill.

Maud Hoyle is teaching at her home near Charlotte.

May Stewart has charge of the seventh grade in the South Greensboro graded school.

Nathalie Smith is an assistant teacher in the practice school.

Charlotte Ireland is at her home in Faison.

Eugenia Harris is teaching in the graded school at Kinston,

Swanna Pickett is teaching at Graham.

Elizabeth Rawls is at her home in Durham.

Mattie Dallas Williams is teaching in Monroe.

Lettie Glass is teaching at Statesville.

Anna Killian is teaching at Statesville.

Mary Jones is taking a special course in manual arts at the State Normal College.

Tempie Dameron is teaching at Scotland Neck.

Julia Hamlin is assisting Miss Brockmann, of the music department, at the State Normal College.

Mabel Graeber is at her home in Concord.

Annie Belle Hoyle is teaching vocal music in the practice school.

Maggie Burkett is teaching in the Greensboro graded school.

Mattie Taylor is teaching at Albemarle.

Rosa Wells it at her home in Wilson.

Susie Williams is at her home in Reidsville.

Eugenia Satterwhite is teaching near her home at Henderson.

Marie Buys, Catherine Nash, and Florence Ledbetter are studying for degrees at the State Normal College.

Berlie Harris has a school near Goldsboro.

Katherine Jenkins is at her home in Winston-Salem.

Margaret Castex is at her home in Goldsboro.

Jessie Caldwell is the assistant stenographer of Mr. Forney, of the State Normal College.

Alice Tull is teaching at her home near Kinston.

Edith Moring is teaching in the Statesville graded school.

Dorothy Doe is at her home in Asheville.

Norcott Broadfoot is at her home in Fayetteville.

Flora Smith is teaching at Gulf.

Carolyn Hardwicke is teaching in the Wilmington graded school.

Selma Webb is teaching at her home in Shelby.

Pattie Davenport is at her home in Pactolus.

Nelle Arrington is teaching in Rocky Mount.

Olive Harris is studying art and vocal culture in New York.

Annie Trotter is teaching in the graded schools of Charlotte.

Irene Lacy has a position as stenographer in Raleigh.

Carrie McGee is bookkeeper in the Bank of Mount Olive.

Nettie Parker, '03, is registrar at the State Normal College.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

SADIE S. DAVIS, '05.

Freshman: "Please show me where the *Bazaar's* office is. I've been hunting him all morning to pay him my money."

New Girl, at breakfast table: "I didn't sleep a bit well last night; the electric light bothered me."

Old Girl: "Why didn't you put it out?"

New Girl: "Why it was so high up. I stood upon the table and blew, and blew, but I couldn't blow it out to save my life."

The teacher was emphasizing "Adverbial Phrases" in the grammar class. "Now in this sentence," he said, "the farmer is bringing a load of watermelons, in his wagon, to the city. What part of the sentence is 'the farmer?"

Student: "The subject, sir."

Teacher: "Correct. Now what is 'in the wagon?' "

Student: "It was watermelons."

"Blessings on you little girls,
Freshmen, with your hair in curls,
I hope your lot may be serene—
I was once a Freshman green.
With your books beneath your arms,
Back and forth you go with songs—
Study hard if you would be
The pride of all the faculty.
Study hard, until some day
You can backward look and say,
With a face calm and serene—
'I was once a Freshman green.' "

H. H. '06.

(Overheard in the new Spencer Building.)

Freshman: "Can you tell me, please, if this is the building that was burned down?"

"College bred is a four years loaf."

"Ignorance is bliss," except at examination time, and then it's a "blister."

It was a hot, sultry afternoon, and the children had been unusually restless in the school room. The teacher caught one little fellow writing the following upon the board: "Johnny Jones can beat any boy in school hugging the girls." When he looked around, it was observed that Johnny Jones was himself the author of this boastful utterance. The teacher, of course, told him to remain that afternoon when school was dismissed. When he came out of the building late that day, a crowd of his companions were waiting for him at the gate. "Did she whip you?" asked one. "No," said Johnny. "Did she make you stand in the corner?" asked another. "No," said Johnny again. "Well, what did she do to you?" asked the third. "I ain't going to tell you," said Johnny, "except that it pays to advertise."

First Freshman: "Are you an old girl?"

Second Freshman (indignantly): "No,' indeed, I'm not. I am just sixteen years old."

(Written in a Latin book.)

If there should come another flood,
Straight to this book I'd fly,
For if all the world were waterfilled,
This book would still be dry.

FOR YOU.

For you I'd count all riches dross,
All gain I'd count but empty loss,
For you.
For you I'd break this heart of mine,
And count the pain of it divine,
For you.
For you I'd brave all war and strife,
I'd risk my all, my soul, my life,
For you.
For you I'd pluck yon beaming star,
I'd give my seat in a crowded car,
For you.

Ex.

MORE EXTRACTS FROM THE ROME REPUBLICAN.

Our famous State triplets, Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus, have an eye for their own interests. It is now understood that Jule divided all Gaul into three parts for their especial benefit.

Miss Habeas Corpus has severed her connection with Barnum & Bailey and is now taking a course of anti-fat. Within the last ten days her weight has been reduced 150 pounds.

We are sorry to note that P. Virgil is dangerously ill from a severe attack of Bu. Colics, which came on suddenly last night.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Antony have returned from the World's Fair at St. Louis, where they went sometime ago to spend their honeymoon. In a few days they will visit Alexandria, where Mrs. Antony, as Miss 'Clei Patra, was quite a favorite in social circles.

Through out columns we wish to thank Dick Cincinnatus for a remarkably large bunch of grapes, which grew on his farm a

few miles from the city. Dick says he is "still a-ploughin'."

Messrs. Pro, Con, and Vice Versa have been summoned to appear as witnesses in the famous conspiracy case now pending in court. M. F. Cicero, our well-known populist leader, already distinguished by his recent impromptu burst of oratory in the Senate, is rapidly bringing Luke Catiline and his accomplices to punishment.

Our townsman, Et Tu Brute, has just made a very successful canvas of the U. S. for the sale of Jule Cæsar's commentaries. The book has become very popular in the schools abroad, thousands of copies having been sold. The prediction is that it will eventually take the place of all other subjects in the high school course.

Prof. Q. E. Demonstrandum has accepted the chair of Mathematics in Mr. Milo's famous school at Rhodes.

Clerk of the Court Spon Desue stated yesterday that he had decided to make a special rate for marriage licenses issued during the Christmas holidays. He will sell to all comers licenses at $1.50 per. Each lisense good for two.

PROMINENT CITIZENS AS STREET BULLIES.

It is reported that the two sons of Mr. Pompey, at the hour of midnight last night, accosted a stranger near the Campus Martius and fell upon him with cudgel and sword.

The stranger considers himself fortunate to have escaped with a few teeth in his head. This is becoming too common a form of amusement and ought to be summarily dealt with in the court. The *Republican,* even at the risk of losing subscribers, wishes to condemn pranks of this kind.

CURRENT EVENTS.

LEAH JOSIE DAMERON, '06.

Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, died in Washington City on September 30th, at the age of 78. He had long been known as "The Friend of the Birds," in the nation's council chambers.

Prince John Oberlensky is General Bobrikoff's successor as governor of Findland.

Colonel William Augustine, who is said to have been the oldest surviving graduate of West Point, and a veteran of three wars, died on September 4th in his eighty-ninth year.

Dr. Charles Baskerville, lately professor in the University of North Carolina, is now Professor of Chemistry in the City College of New York.

Henry C. Payne, Postmaster-General of the United States, died on October 4th at Washington, aged sixty years. Mr. Robert J. Wayne is his temporary successor.

It will be of interest to our last year's physics class to learn that the Japanese have contrived a special type of apparatus for wireless telegraphy, which they are using with great success in the present war.

General Matt. W. Ransom, of Warren county, a distinguished patriot, warrior and statesman, and North Carolina's foremost private citizen, died October 9th, at his country home in Northampton county, in his seventy-eighth year.

Statistics show, says the Baltimore *American,* "that more persons were killed and wounded last year on the railroads of the United States than have been killed and wounded up to the present time in the war between Russia and Japan."

EXCHANGES.

KATE FINLEY, '05.

At the beginning of our college year we wish to extend to our exchange friends a hearty greeting. As yet few college magazines have reached us, but it is pleasant to anticipate the joy we shall have when they begin to arrive. We shall hope to see many new friends as well as the old ones.

The *Red and White* comes to us in an attractive cover and full of its usual wit and humor. It contains several stories, the best one being "Faith, Hope and Charity." This magazine is to be congratulated on its spirit of improvement. No doubt the change from a semi-monthly to a monthly issue will greatly improve the literary work in which it has heretofore been deficient. May this be a year of improvement for all college magazines.

The Park School Gazette is one of the early visitors. The tribute in memory of Joseph Francis Bivins is well written and will be read with interest by the many friends of the deceased.

Our interest and good will are extended to every college magazine. May the Exchange Department be a source of help and improvement, and may every word of approval or disapproval be made with this end in view.

YOUNG WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

At prayer meeting the other night the new girls were given an invitation to join the Association. We wish all the girls would join this organization, as it is one of the most important of the college. We earnestly desire that each girl shall become an active member and assist in this great work which means so much for the spiritual life of the students of the State Normal College.

ORGANIZATIONS.

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Assistants:

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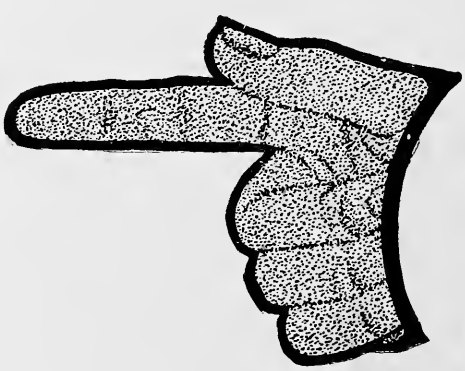

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THE SEASONS.

ROSA W. BAILEY, '05.

Ah, the springtime, merry springtime!
  Trees a-bud and flowers a-blow.
Grasses springing 'neath our footsteps,
  Brooklets laughing as they go.
In the ever-brightening sunshine
  Sounds the mock-bird's song today.
Surely, this no time for sorrow,
  Springtime is the time to play.

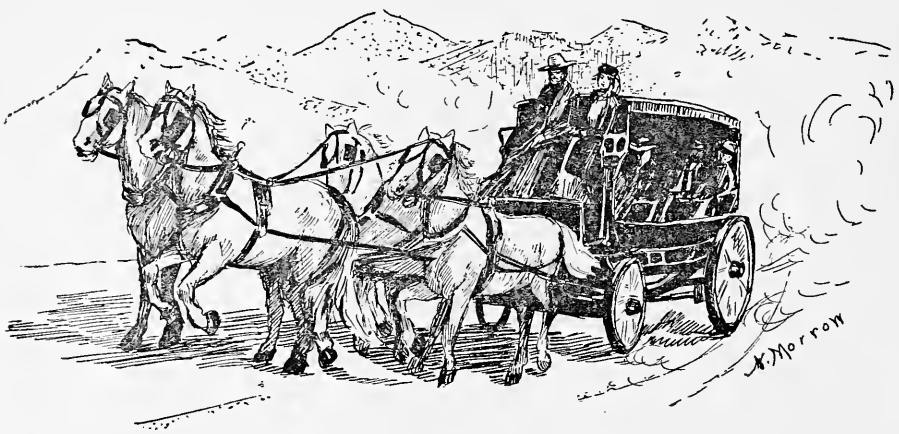
Oh, the Summer, beauteous Summer!
  Flower-incense fills the air.
All the world with gladness laden,
  Can there be a time more fair?
All the blue of heaven sending
  Joy and blessing from above.
And the breezes softly telling,
  "Summer is the time for love."

Autumn's winds are softly sighing,
Autumn's beauties now are dying.
'Tis the last of earthly splendor,
  Though in this last hour so fair.
And the majesty so glorious,
In the hour of death victorious,
Tells my heart, in solemn silence.
  "Autumn is the time for prayer."

Winter, oh, the weary Winter!
  Flowers gone and waters dumb,
Grasses brown and sedges shivering
  In the frozen winds that come,
And the bare trees in their loneness
  Still are pointing to the sky.
"Earth is barren," lo, they whisper,
  "Earth is dreary. Look on high."

A TRIP THROUGH THE YELLOWSTONE.

NENA MORROW.



PROEM.

The day may come, Friend, when you will be one of those creatures known to the public, as Tourists. In the course of your touring you may visit the Yellowstone. Read the weal and woe of the Future, in words of the Past! Be advised in the present.

THE FIRST DAY.

The start was made from 'Frisco, bright and early Monday, as the train was scheduled for 9 a. m., and by 8:30 the Touritsts had crossed the Ferry. A straggling file of short and tall, lean and fat, laden down with hand baggage came up the slip and arranged themselves in front of the gates in the station. There they sat dejectedly upon suit cases, until eleven o'clock while the railroad officials were making up their minds to attach the special cars to section No. 3, of the train bound for Ogden, Utah. The chief points of interest of this part of the trip, were the transfering of the entire train to a Ferry boat at Oakland, the magnificient scenery of the Sierra Nevada, the

forty miles of snow sheds, and the traveling of the Alkali lands.

The party reached Ogden at 10:30 p. m. Tuesday. In a dingy station office, each one showed his three yards of ticket, paid in the sum of$49.50 for the trip through the Park, and a few lucky souls bought luscious peaches to cool parched throats. "At last the goal is almost reached! No more hotel bills to pay, no more tickets or hack fares to produce! The rest of the journey will be one of luxury and peace, no delays, no discomforts!" chirped the Tourists to each other. Another night of slumber, and the train stopped at Monida. The Tourists gayly descended and prepared to enjoy the wonders and pleasures of the great National Park.

Monida is a word to conjure with, being formed from the names of two States, and situated in one or t'other—maps, hotel clerks, and tourists disagree, but Uncle Sam sends mail to Montana and disdains Idaho's claim. Alas! for the conjuring; four frame buildings, a railroad station, a store, (where mail, dry-goods, groceries, hardware and millinery are handled indiscriminately), a so-called hotel and a saloon compose Monida, the pure and simple.

Covered with cinders and white dust gathered in the trip through the Alkali lands, after a hurried breakfast of tough steak and coffee, the latter served in cups without handles and an inch thick, with similar accessories, the Tourists were packed into coaches or hacks, often three on a seat. They felt jubilant despite the breakfast. The driver cracked his whip over the backs of the four horses, and the Tourists clad, if wise in their generation, in linen dusters, veils and caps, feasted on the glories of nature.

The mountains are of a wonderous tint of blue or lilac with glints of golden orange where the "quickenasps" are hanging out beautiful fall streamers. Oh the deep azure of the Montana skies, the delicious, icy, purling streams one crosses formed from the melting snows high up on the mountains! but alas, alas, for the miseries of life one has to encounter. The dust swirles in clouds above the horses' heads and the Tourists are

completely involved in the brown waves and with aching throats they longed for cooling draughts from way side springs —but the driver only answered "No time to stop, we must get to Dwelles' before night!" so Dwelles' began to assume in the present discomfort the aspect of a Mecca of peace and plenty. Finally thirty miles of the seventy-two were passed over and the coaches pulled up before the lunch station, Lakeview.. What a rush there was for the hand-basins where the poor Easterners tried to take off at least one of the many layers of dust. Then followed lunch—here pen fails of description—a kind of winged creature called by the foreigners, little beasts, and by the Tar Heels, Montana Game, adorned the walls of the dining-room and entered largely into the concoction of all dishes, either as seasoning or decoration. However, Montana ozone did not fail to give an appetite to the most jaded tourists and a few unfortunates had to be dragged from the tempting viands to the coaches by enterprising fellow-passengers, the battle cry being "Dwelles' before night!" "Dwelles' tonight"or"Dwelles!" Fresh horses and the start is made! away down the dusty road, past beautiful fresh-water lakes, past bewitching log-cabins set at the foot of fir-covered mountains, past ranches and the cattle "on a thousand hills" standing knee-deep in dry grass and gazing with meek, wonder-brown eyes at the coaches and the army of linen dusters.. ('Twere well, Friend, to read this paragraph one hundred times, for so is the scenery of this drive, o'er and o'er, on and on!'

The lead was lost at Lakeview and in addition to the dust from the road our Tourists were forced to swallow the dust from the coaches ahead. The drivers were impervious to dust and some excitement was caused by yelling at the driver to induce him not to drive so close to the next coach. Occasionally a driver, with fresh horses, is allowed to pass, and a lucky coach passed—Alack! to reach Dwelles' a little sooner. Oh the misery of that thought to those behind!

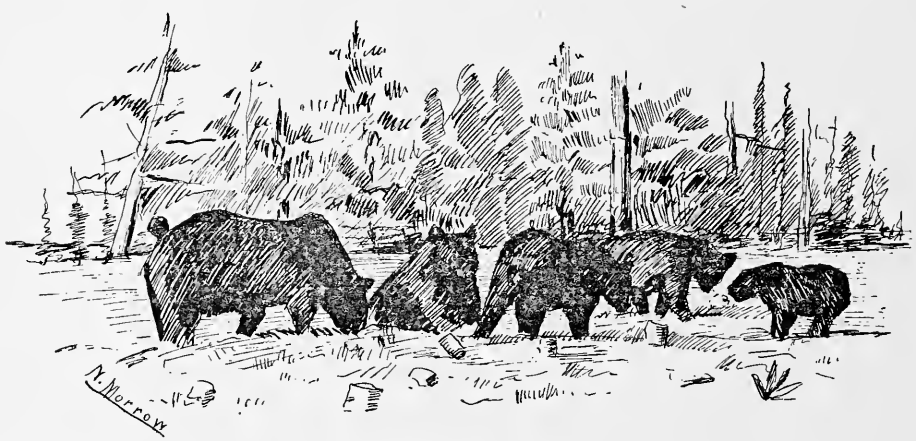
About sunset the Snake River was forded. The first thrill of home-feeling was felt by the Tourists. Certain recollections of a much bethumbed square green book came to their minds, and

the memory of the horror they used to feel when speaking the name of that awful river—not Lethe was more terrible! The horror fled forever. A beautiful. winding stream softly rosy mid its lush meadows, the Snake may vie with Afton—though, here, much *is* in a name for, "Flow gently sweet Snake" won't do in rhythm or sentiment.

While the shadows lengthened, the Tourists sang the old, old songs and the driver, an Idaho youth, joined in with a sweet baritone. Winding down the road, through gaunt fir forests, the songs served to frighten away the grim spectres of Indian braves and scalped trappers which seemed to linger behind each rock or tree. The miles were slowly growing less, yet, so many still to Dwelles'. With racking backs and aching bones, (Can you stand the shock, Friend?—dirty faces and blacker hands, and hungry as wolves, the Tourists were frightened into forgetting their woes by the sudden apparition of a large man on horse back, standing at the side of the road, partly hidden by some bushes. "Something was going to happen. How exciting! A hold-up!" The Tourists all sat bolt up-right and waited for the pistols and "Hands up!" while the man-lifted his sombrero, and turned his horse back into the forest. A pall settled over them after that and the last miles were driven in silence. At 10:30 p. m. the driver reined up the leaders before a dark collection of houses, disclosed by the morning light to be the Western Ponce da Leon, Grayling Inn, a motley group of log houses and tents.

Dark as Erebus, it was then as the Tourists stumbled and scrambled off the coach into the o ffice. Seated on a small wooden table, beside a huge ink-stand, was a scrawny, wizened-looking little man, in his shirt-sleeves, holding a large book in which he was making certain scratches, while around him raged and buzzed a mob demanding rooms! The office was decorated with bear skins, coyote skins and other "varmints" wearing apparel (N. B. Navajo blankets not under this heading) a large stove in one corner, in another, face-scrubbing apparatus and everywhere countless valises and suit cases. Meanwhile, the cry swelled loud and shrill for rooms, and Mr. Dwelles calmly

closed his register and stuck his pen behind his ear! Then seeing no hope, the crowd deemed it advisable to head for supper, first, which somewhat thinned out the number. Mr. Dwelles' had that day partaken of "Several smiles to wash the cobwebs down" and was by nature stone-deaf. The Tourists were later stored away grumbling into marvelous apartments or into tents by his "Better half." After a supper of stewed beef, bacon and white potatoes, instead of the anticipated venison and forest dainties, each Tourist who was so fortunate as to have one, got his pitcher and filled it at the creek. Later, each one had a personal encounter with Mrs. Dwelles in order to obtain towels, sheets or blankets, as the need might be. Despite all, whether lodged in an apartment with paper walls, or a tent, "Dark-eyed Sleep, child of Night" kissed the eyes of each weary Tourist that night, while through their dreams murmured and danced the crystal stream that winds by Grayling Inn.



THE SECOND DAY.

Life was astir at Grayling Inn at five a. m. It was cold as blue-blazes and the water from the creek was colder, but the Tourists drank in deep draughts of that glorious air, felt as fresh as La France roses and thanked the good Lord for letting them see those grand mountains which stood round the humble abode of man.

The struggle for breakfast began at six a. m. There was a Dragon on guard in the dining-room. The Touists waited patiently until the Dragon saw fit to open the dining-room door,

then with keen appetites they charged! Only a very few were able to pass the Dragon, who slammed the door and locked it in the face of the residue. A German baron not possessing the meekness of Tariff-trodden Americans made an attempt to shake and kick down the door, but it was strong and well made. The Dragon, disliking the noise, interviewed Herr Baron with marked effect, as he waited, waited, like the other Tourists. Finally all were regaled upon delicious mountain trout and honey. The coaches started about eight and the drive of twenty-five miles was indeed charming. The road winds along the Madison River, a sparkling mountain stream, and again by Fire Hole River and Falls. A kind of mossy growth clings to the rocky beds of these streams; seen through the clear water it is very beautiful and oft-times gives a vivid green tint to the water. A very noticeable feature of the forests through the Park, which was at length entered, fifteen miles from Grayling Inn, by the Riverside entrance, is the enormous quantity of dead timber lying along the roads and on the distant mountain sides.

About twelve-thirty o'clock the Fountain Hotel came into view, a large, yellow, barn-like edifice with no pretentions to elegance; it was civilization though and welcome to the Tourists. In front of the hotel lies a stretch of white crust where sulphurous volumes of steam rise from boiling springs; a little beyond, are the Paint Pots, a hideous, seething mass of pinkish white-wash.

The afternoon was spent by the Tourists in visiting the Great Fountain Geyser and Fire Hole Spring. Towards evening, the chief amusement of the Tourists was watching for bears All the tin cans and garbage from the hotel is thrown in one place and it was very exciting to sit at a safe distance and watch the bears in their comically misfitting clothes steal out of the woods to get their rations. As many as fourteen were seen by some.

At night, a motley throng gathered in the office to chat, write innumerable postal cards and a few letters. Nature is interesting in the Park but not less so, are the people. They are of all sorts and conditions, gathered from every state in

the Union and of many nationalities. Like the Canterbury Pilgrims, in the evening they meet, greet and entertain each other.

THE THIRD DAY.

"Only ten miles today" was the delighted greeting of the Tourists as they leisurely partook of hot cakes and a second cup of coffee. This ten miles is very interesting and numerous stops were made. The entrancing coloring of the hot pools must be seen to be realized, every tint of green and blue may be seen in these strange depths while the rocky crust is of varied tints, white, grey, yellow, shading to deepest ochre or terra cotta. Prismatic Lake and Morning Glory Spring are strikingly beautiful. At the Excelsior Geyser, a soldier stood on guard to prevent the Tourists from being cooked in the hot water, thus injuring themselves, or from injuring the incrustations. The water boils and steams and hot springs are everywhere; 'tis enough to make a laundry man crazy at such a reckless waste, for the water also whitens linen immersed in it. At the Grotto, the growling and pulsing of the subterranean world engines once heard can never be forgotten. It is weird and eerie, enough! The party again descended from the coaches at Emerald Lake. The Tourists felt as they gazed into its bottomless depths that it was an enchanted place and had Merlin, with his wand, appeared on the scene, they would not have been surprised.

Old Faithful Inn was reached before lunch time. The coaches dashed up under the great portico there built of stone and logs. At the heavy iron-studded doors stood the Irishman O'Lara, who gave all the heartiest of handshakes and "Welcome to Old Faithful!" The Inn is built entirely of logs in the Norwegian style. Its architect was a Georgia man, and the wife of the President of the Park Association Hotels directed the furnishing. Hence, it is perfect in every detail. The office is a fascinating place, vaulted to the fourth or fifth floor. In the centre stands a huge stone chimney, with eight chimney places, where the yule log ever burns. Navajo blankets and Mission furniture add to its comfort. The bed rooms are adorable.

Mullioned windows, with dainty flower-be-sprinkled curtains, a rag carpet rug on the floor, green mission furniture, rush bottomed chairs, and a glided bed made Dolores, Juanita or Cynthia long to stay forever, or at least a month—and sigh to think of leaving in the morning.

Each Tourist was on the alert to see the Old Faithful Geyser. This dear, good-natured geyser plays every sixty minutes by the clock, so each one was rewarded by the grand sight. The water rises twice from ten to fifteen feet, then suddenly a vast column, sparkling in the sunshine like myriads of diamonds,

ascends one hundred and eighty feet into the air, accompanied by a great cloud of steam. At night the search light on the top of the Inn was turned upon it. The bears, too. came in for their share of attention from the searchlight and were doubtless surprised at supper, by the unexpected sunrise. All around Old Faithful Inn are geysers and hot springs. Truly unless a tourist is pretty watchful where he sets his feet his Satanic majesty has a good chance at him, for there are great holes on all sides which go down to China, and even if gotten out, he will be parboiled. Some of the incrustations are of amusing shapes and the guide who lectured to the Tourists was very facetious in his accounts of the peanut shells, oyster shells, biscuits, etc., to be seen and how they got there. Some of the Tourists insisted upon drinking out of the Devil's Punch Bowl, but the punch was principally hot water, so that goes to prove that the dispensary methods are known to the aforesaid gentleman.

After dinner, the host, O'Lary, gathered all the "children" around the chimney and a huge popper swung by a chain over the blazing coals furnished the snowy treasure to old men and women, glad to be reckoned children once again. Peace now and good-night to O'Lary, and may he teach a lesson of hospitality and good cheer to every tourist.

THE FOURTH DAY.

The start was made in good time the next morning, and as the Tourists drove away, it seemed as if the whole earth were covered with geysers, for clouds of steam ascended in all direction from the great Bee Hive and Faithful, from the Giant and Castle, and from each geyser and tiny opening in the formation. One Tourist was heard to say: "I thank my stars that a geyser did not spout up under the hotel in the night. I am glad to leave this place alive." However, regret was in every other heart to leave Old Faithful Inn. A short distance from the inn the Tourists dismounted from the coaches to view Kepler's Falls, a very exquisite sight.

Lunch was eaten at the Thumb. The wife of the proprietor waited upon the guests, and the vases of beautiful autumn leaves testified to her wish to give a hospitable welcome to the

guests. Here some of the tourists embarked upon a boat to reach the Lake Hotel; others drove, and it is a matter of dispute which route was the most delightful. The Government has the roads in the Park sprinkled, so there was no dust and the Tourist seated beside the driver obtained a glorious view of Yellowstone lake and the mountains beyond, picturesquely framed with magnificent firs. Yellowstone Lake is an extensive sheet of blue, blue water, fair as the islands lying upon its bosom, and with a chain of comparatively low mountains surrounding it. As the lake is over 7,000 feet high, the mountains are high enough in reality. Swiss tourists say that it compares most favorably with the Swiss lakes in beauty, but the encircling mountains are not so high.

The lake house was reached at 4 o'clock. Many of the Tourists started out on horseback to see Natural Bridge, which those coming from the Thumb by water had missed, others bought curios at the store or went fishing. The fishing is perfect, as they say the fish are trained by the Government to bite, and it simply consists in hauling them out. Lake trout was fine for breakfast. Some of the Tourists sat upon the sand and watched the steel blue water of the lake turn to purple in the sunset and gazed upon the rosy mountain peaks and tiny islands, wondering if they were not some of Shelly's "Flowering Islands." A huge white pelican and many gulls swept over the water of the lake, while on land the tiny chipmunks, unafrighted, came out on the logs and studied the watchers.

The Lake House is an elegant colonial building, and the office, at night, presented a brilliant scene with its groups of guests. Several of the Tourists had exciting stories to tell of encounters with bears. It was quite a thrilling experience to meet a silver-tip or a huge cinnamon bear five miles from the hotel. The bears, though, seemed to know that the Government had their lives insured and it was not worth while to fight, and so trotted meekly back into the woods after an occasional bow, in case they met a baron, or some celebrity.

The drive winds along the Yellowstone river, and leads to the grandest, most beautiful sights of the Yellowstone, the falls

and the canyon. Who can describe to you the loveliness of those falls, the splendor of that on-rushing mass of water, picture to you those emerald and rainbow tints, or let you feel the cool breath of that foam?

At Inspiration Point, the Tourists stood enchanted and gazed at the vision of loveliness before them. Around towered the rocky walls of the canyon in countless tints; red, blue, green, yellow and white, painted by the matchless hand of the Great Artist; above, the azure of heaven; far below, the Yellowstone winding along like an emerald ribbon; beyond, the falls; and far down in the canyon, secure from all harm, were the nests of four eagles, one bird upon its nest! It was emblematic of our vast and glorious country, with freedom enshrined in her heart. The Tourists spent the afternoon in excursions on horseback, or drives, or followed the trails down the steep side of the canyon, and drank to each other's health and happiness in the clear water of the Yellowstone. A little of sorrow was mingled with the delight of this day, "Which lingers, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet," for it was the last day in the Park.

All spare change was devoted to the purchase of pictures, only to feel how inadequate they would be to convey the charm of the reality to friends at home.

A long wait was made on a cold, windy hill top to see the bears, until the sun descended behind the hills. Then parting words and cards were exchanged between the "Ships that Pass in the Night," for the park idyll drew to a close at the Canyon House.

THE SIXTH DAY.

Dust again, and bad luck to it! The money had given out and Uncle Sam had left the road unsprinkled, still as one Tourist said, "It is well to be trained for the drive to Monida." The attraction of the morning drive is the Virginia Cascades. They are very pretty, although formed by a small stream of water. About 10:30 the coaches drew up before Norris Lunch Station. Of all fearful, grewsome spots upon this earth, the land around Norris Station exceeds in desolation! The formation is so uncertain and dangerous that plank walks are placed to allow

tourists to cross, and it is decidedly unpleasant to walk over hot water pools and between boiling ponds on such a thin foundation. However, the lean and small Tourists, who were naturally timid, felt reassured when they saw the fat and tall go safely over. Terrors upon terrors were viewed; huge caverns, where steam as from a hundred engines arose and around which the trees were dead and coated by the deposits, and looked like spectres. The smell of sulphur was strong in the air, and thoughts of primeval forces filled the minds with a sense too vast for words. Tourists standing near the devil's ink pot, hearing sounds, turned, expecting to see Virgil leading Dante; 'twas surely the spot and place! but on closer inspection Virgil and Dante resolved themselves into every-day Tourists, who lamented lest the fumes of sulphur would ruin their only presentable clothes.

Lunch at 11, and much growling was heard, but the thought of reaching Grayling Inn before dark calmed complaint and all ate as if we had not had a mouthful in forty-eight hours. At Norris, the lucky folk who were to leave the Park at Gardiner, went on to Mammouth Hot Springs, a luxurious hotel, while the others made tracks in the dust to Monida, via Grayling Inn.

A last sweet note of pleasure was reached in viewing Gibbon canyon and falls, and some startled deer, in the forest. About 5 o'clock, the Madison river was seen; soon after the familiar logs of Grayling Inn came into sight, "mid fond recollections."

AFTERMATH.

So to you, Friend, the driver says, "Come next summer!" Not till then, for now the snows lie deep in the Park, the hotels are deserted, and only the soldiers are left to sport on snow shoes through the silent highways of the great National Park.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE WAR.

NELL ARMFIELD.

She was a sweet-faced old lady with snow-white hair, and she looked very quaint as she sat at the piano playing old-fashioned melodies to her grandson standing near her chair.

"Grandmother, you can beat them all," he said, as she finished playing. "That's what I call music. These new-fangled arrangements haven't a bit of tune in them when compared with yours."

The old lady laughed happily. "La, my dear, you should have heard me when I was young and my fingers were not stiff like they are now. Did I ever tell you about the time I played 'Dixie' for the soldiers?"

"No grandmother; please tell me," the boy said, delighted to find her in a retrospective mood.

"It was at the very beginning of the war," she said, "and Captain Grey had gathered about a hundred men from our little village and was commissioned to join General Lee's army. Captain Grey was a dear friend of my oldest sister, Kate, and the day before he was to leave, he came to our house to tell us (Kate especially), good-bye. Just before he left he called me and said, 'Little girl, won't you play for me before I go?' I was rather timid, but at last I consented, climbed upon the piano stool, and played 'Dixie' for him. 'Dixie' was new then and he had never heard it before. When I finished playing he said, 'Well, my men ought to be able to fight with that tune ringing in their ears. What do you say to my bringing them around to hear it before they start?' I hesitated, but my mother said, 'Of course you will play for Captain Grey's men, child,' and so it was settled.

"The next day my little sister and I were up in the apple tree looking for bird eggs, when my mother called me and told me that Captain Grey had come. All in a flurry I ran into the house, slipped into a clean apron, wet my hair and slicked it

back, neatly, and then started into the parlor. But when I looked out into the yard, my heart gave a big bound, for instead of the few men I had expected to see, the street was lined with mounted men. The officers were standing in the front yard near the porch.

"I was all in a quiver when I began to play. But such playing as I did! It seemed as if I was inspired. When I had finished such a shout as went up I have never heard since. It frightened me so that I ran up stairs and hid in a dark corner of the hall and stayed there until the last sound of the galloping feet had died away.

"Four long years passed by before Captain Grey came back. The first time he saw me he asked me to play 'Dixie' for him. I did so. He also set me to the task of learning a more difficult selection by Mendelssohn, which I played for him and Kate in the early part of the following summer."

A CHRISTMAS TRAGEDY.

KATE FINLEY, '05.

It was the day before Christmas. For several days the ground had been covered with snow and ice. The trees were groaning beneath their burden and their icy boughs rattled ominously in the cold wind. In a corner of the yard that surrounded a cozy cottage, two snow birds hopped about in search of food. The smaller one, the female bird, seemed to find difficulty in moving. Her wings dropped and her appearance showed physical suffering. Giving two or three hops, she would look emploringly at her mate, who was pecking at a bunch of weeds nearby. Presently he turned and in his own language told her he could find no seeds for them.

Lady Snowbird flew to a cedar tree near by and huddled on a branch. Her mate followed uttering disconsolate chirps. For a time they sat there close together, then giving himself a shake the male said, "Cheer up, lady bird; I will yet find something to eat." Away he flew across the yard and lit on the fence. Here he sat for some minutes surveying the ground

around him. The prospect was not hopeful. Every weed and bunch of grass was either covered deep in snow or wrapped in a mantle of ice. Master Snowbird sighed. Oh, if he could just find one bit of food for his hungry mate! She was so little and had no one to care for her but himself. It made his loving heart ache to see her suffer so. It was no use to look for grass seeds. Already he was weary of doing that, and he was too weak to peck at the weeds heavy with sleet.

While thus he sat on the fence, a boy came out of the cottage and went down to one corner of the yard. Stooping, he pushed away the snow and ice and scattered something over the ground. Over the spot he placed a bird trap. "Guess that'll catch 'em," he murmured, as he surveyed his work. He then walked back to the house where generous preparations were being made for a Christmas dinner.

Presently the snow bird left his perch on the fence and flew to the corner of the yard. The bare place where the trap was set caught his attention. O joy! here, at last was food and his heart leaped into his mouth as he thought of his little gray mate in the cedar tree. What a feast they would have! But just as he reached to pick up a crumb, his foot touched a spring and the trap fell.

When he realized what had happened, he uttered a shrill cry that brought his mate to the fatal spot. Wildly they fluttered about, he in frantic efforts to escape, she with an intense desire to release him. Presently the prisoner paused and, picking up a bill full of crumbs, dropped them through the side of the trap for his mate. After doing this several times, he renewed his efforts to escape, and fluttered madly about his prison cell. Lady Snowbird had no desire for food now. She pecked at the side of the trap until she was too weak to stand. Then huddling close to the trap she sought to comfort her mate with her loving chirps.

Night came on, the wind blew colder and drove the snow through the air. The unhappy prisoner ceased to struggle. He put his bill through the side of the trap and chirped softly to his lady love. This time he received no answer. Peering

through the darkness, he saw her stretched on the ground half-covered with drifting snow. Again and again with breaking heart he uttered his love call, but there was no answer from the lifeless form in the snow. Rapidly the cold was creeping into his heart and soon, very soon, the fluttering in the trap also ceased and the Christmas tragedy was at an end.

The wind moaned weirdly through the pines and over the snow-covered yard there was borne from some distant place the voices of singers giving praise to Him who notes even the sparrow's fall.

THE OLD MAN'S CHRISTMAS.

META LILES.

Perhaps the most familiar figure in the village of Elmwood was that of an old man, bent, crippled and gray. His face was wrinkled; his hand withered, and his eyes were dim. His rusty black clothes and untidy appearance showed that he was an object of but little care.

His life was as forlorn as his appearance was neglected. He stood aloof from every one and everything. As he hobbled up and down the streets of the little town each day, he seldom spoke to any one, and hardly noticed anything. So indifferent had he become to those things around him, that the world seemed indifferent to him. He had no one to love and no one to care for. His thoughts were of those things which had been and of those who had lived.

Just before Christmas a change came over the old man. His face grew more bright, his hand, more steady; and his step, more firm. The rusty black suit was changed for a fresher one and his appearance became more tidy. As he slowly passed the stores he wo uld stop and gaze wistfully in, with the rapture of a school boy. When he met a person, whether he had ever known him or not, he would smile and say, "She is coming Christmas."

Meanwhile in his home, changes were going on. The large yard was freed of it's briars, broomstraw and bushes. For the first time in many years, the leaves were raked up and burned. In the house a reformation was going on. The parlor doors were opened, the webs swept down, and the room aired and cleaned. The room in which the old man had cooked, eaten, slept and lived for many years was freed of some of it's burdens. The old dining room and kitchen were rearranged. Special care was taken in preparing a room for "her." In the old man's mind nothing seemed too good or too pretty for "her." Sprigs of holly and mistletoe were placed here and there in the rooms to brighten their appearance. When all of the work was finished, the house did not look like itself, so complete had been the change. "Ah," thought the old man, as he gazed at each room, "that is the way things used to look before she died."

While he was directing the preparations for her, many were the thoughts of the old man, about the one who was coming. "She is my Lucy, my child, mine and Lucy's child," he would say. He wondered whether she would be like his own Lucy or the fashionable aunt, who had reared her.

To the impatient heart Christmas and Lucy seemed a long time coming. At last both came and the old man's happiness was immeasurable. "She" was tall, fair and pretty, like his own Lucy. The old man was almost in a trance, he was so happy. Sometimes he forgot and thought that she was his own Lucy.

Many happy hours did the young girl and the aged man spend together that Christmas. It was a pretty picture to see the pretty young girl sitting by the glowing fire, reading to the feeble man. Sometimes his expression would become gentle, his voice soft and he would tell her of her mother. When the sun shone warm Lucy would lead her father into the garden and woods and explain to him some of the works of nature. Together they would walk about the little town, the old man leaning on the arm of the young girl. One of his greatest

pleasures was to hear her play and sing. It was then that he thought her most like her mother.

He wanted Lucy to have a good time, so he invited in the young people of the village to a party. As they played games, the laugh of the old man was heard above all others. When they began dancing, the tottering feet of the old man kept time to the music.

When Christmas was over and Lucy offered to stay with her grandfather, he said, "No, go back to your aunt, but come again next Christmas to brighten my life."

When Lucy came to spend the next Christmas with the old man, he had gone to spend it with his own dear Lucy.

CHISTMAS EVE.

KATE FINLEY, '05.

All day the snow has been falling,
Covering the earth with white
To make the roads smooth for "Santa,"
Who comes on Christmas night.
The evening shadows grow longer
And night creeps over the earth;
The firelight grows brighter
And the embers glow on the hearth.

The children see funny pictures
As they watch the embers glow,
And plan to look on the morrow
For the reindeers' track in the snow.
The old folk dream by the fireside
And think of the days long ago,
When they went to the old time parties
And kissed 'neath the mistletoe.

Sighs fall from lips that are withered,
But old eyes grow bright again
As they think of the many pleasures
That Christmas always brings.
The children ask for a story
And they tell them one of old—
How the wise men of the East
Brought frankinscence, myrtle and gold.

And how the shepherds of Judea,
Nineteen hundred years ago,
Sought for the Son of God
And found him in a manger low.
The words that through the ages
Have been told and told again,
Give the soul new joy that hears them,
"Peace on earth, good will toward men."

MY FIRST ALLIGATOR HUNT.

MAMIE S. JARMAN, '05.

It was during a two month's sojourn on Stump Sound in Onslow County, North Carolina that I enjoyed my first alligator hunt. In the dawn of the September morning we left the "Cap'n's" great house on Holland Hill and started for the sound. The distance appeared to be only a few hundred yards, but, by the sea, distances are deceptive, and a quarter of an hour passed before we reached the water at the foot of the hill. One of my companions was a young fisherman, big and shy, but well versed in knowledge of the sea and its creatures. He was generally known as "Brother Ham." The other a boy of fourteen, (answering to the name of Gib) accompanied us, ostensibly for service, but, in reality, as we found for sight of the anticipated sport. As we rounded the curve near the landing from which we were to start, Brother Ham warned us to make no noise. "You have to be quiet," he said, "you've got to be, if you want to get a 'gator."

Reaching the boat house, we found two men, who like ourselves were preparing for an alligator hunt. They proved to be acquaintances of ours, one, an old fisherman, the other a Yankee sportsman, who noted our arrival with indifference if not disapproval. Evidently he thought me out of place, and I feared as much, for I knew I should have little chance of distinguishing myself with such rivals as these who were seeking the same game. When we had greeted them, Brother Ham chose a fourteen foot boat quickly changing the mast and sheets for a pair of oars. Gib brought a gig and an extra oar from the boat house. Without further delay we were off. Our boatman pushed out with long steady strokes that sent us scudding toward deep water. Presently we turned shoreward and slackened speed. The other boat still drifted at its moorings, while the men in it leisurely prepared to follow.

"Here, Gib," said Brother Ham, tossing the gourd to him.

"you bail this water out. Miss Mamie, you get in the bow and keep the gun in your hand. Stay quiet and watch. You'll see one d'rectly. They're all round these banks an' in the cheeks soon in the mornings."

Before he finished speaking for he spoke with extreme slowness and haltingly, we had followed his suggestions and were on the lookout. Glancing back, I saw that the other boat had left the shore. Much to my relief, it turned southward, leaving free water and a broad range for our guns. A hundred yards or so up the bank Brother Ham abruptly stopped the boat. He said nothing for a moment, but closely observed the surface of the water. "Thought I saw a 'gator's head," he said. "See that spot?" he added. "Yes," I agreed. Then he went on in his deep, low voice. "Think it's a stake. Looked purty much like a 'gator. A 'gator don't show his whole body, but pokes his nose out for the sunshine. Must be a piece o' log. When you see one, we'll stop. Ef you make any noise, he's gone down till things is quiet again. 'Gators is mighty suspicious." Then he was silent again.

We now entered the mouth of a creek. Here the water was calmer than in the open sound. Flocks of birds whirled by us, now and then dipping into the water or dropping upon it. Here and there a shoal of fish as they passed, rippled the water into a thousand wavelets. The brightness in the east was spreading over the sky.

Suddenly Gib uttered a low exclamation. "Yonder! don't you see?" he cried breathelessly. "Oh, let me shoot!" Brother Ham restrained him. "Wait a bit. Let's get nearer," he said. In a few moments my eyes, less acute than theirs, made out a black object on the surface of the water. It was about forty yards ahead, and at that distance had the appearance of a charred fragment of wood. It rested motionless on the surface. I raised my gun and tried to sight, but excitement prevented my getting a true aim. Removing my eyes for an instant from the black head on the water, I again turned to find the alligator gone. The water where he had been was smooth, but for the little leaps of the incoming tide. Where was he?

Perhaps shooting his scaley length straight out to the inlet beyond, or even gliding beneath our boat.

Such an opportunity! Such a failure! My face grew hot at the thought of my stupidity. How ridiculous I must appear. If I could only get another chance at the lumpish head, I would not lose it by painstaking or lengthy aiming. Brother Ham was talking. "He'll come up. You jes' wait. He's right there. Have your gun ready. Keep your eye open."

Five minutes passed in silence; ten minutes. My faith in the reappearance of the alligator was growing small. Already my knees ached from contact with the rough boards on which I knelt. But I registered a vow that if I failed to redeem myself, it would not be in default of obedience to instructions. Still no alligator. Over to the right, a mullet made a flying leap into the air and fell, only to leap a second and a third time, his polished scales gleaming like silver in the first rays of the sun. Still no alligator. When I had given up all hope and was keeping my position only by the desperate determination to avoid further error, somebody caught my arm and whispered: "There! Right behind the boat. See him?"

Sure enough there he was within half a dozen yards of the boat. His half-closed eyes seemed to look obliquely toward us, unconscious and indifferent. His rough back showed through the blue water rising and falling with the motion of the tide. Taking swift aim, I fired.

"You've got him! You've got him!" cried both my friends at once. But not yet. For though hard hit, the alligator was still very much alive. The water in his neighborhood was being agitated in a most remarkable manner. Apparently innumerable legs and tails thrashed up and down, in and out the water. "Don't shoot any more!" cried Brother Ham. "We'll ketch 'em!" I seized an oar and tried to help back the boat. In a moment we were upon the alligator. Brother Ham reached over and catching him by the tail, quickly landed him in the boat. But the instant he was released the alligator gave a lunge half way across the gunwhale. Seeing my prize about to escape, I caught him by the tail and tried to drag him back into the

boat. But he jerked me down, and like a flash, disappeared into the water.

It was in vain I pleaded with the men to get out and search for him. The water was not deep and I was sure he could not go far, hurt as I felt sure that he was. Brother Ham smiled and said he thought it would be best to try the gig, and each of them took an oar and commenced to prod with it. "You don' ketch me out there," said Gib. "I ain't no no tion uv meetin' a hurt 'gator. They's too vigorous. I knowed one last year 'at pulled a dog's leg off." Silenced but not convinced, I said no more. "An' they don' tu'n loose tell it thunders," Gib added. Seeing there was no chance of persuading them to get out, I found an oar and joined them in prodding about.

Fortune favored us this time, for Brother Ham soon struck the alligator with the oar. He had taken refuge in the mud a few feet shoreward. Being disturbed, he rose to the surface and began to swim rapidly. Hurt and angry, he took no pains to conceal himself, but swam on the surface, exposing almost the whole length of his body. I again discharged both barrels of my gun at him, and this time he stopped swimming, but remained on the surface apparently lifeless. On seizing him, however, we found he was little hurt, having only been stunned. We dragged him into the boat and tried to tie him with ropes, but he now began to recover and to show evidences of the pugnacity for which his family is noted, and which, in his case, was increased by pain and rage. He advanced, grunting nosily, toward Gib, who with proper caution for his bare feet, took refuge behind Brother Ham. As he jumped across the seat, a flask of shot fell from his pocket. With a vicious snort, the alligator seized and swallowed it. Brother Ham was about to dispatch him with the gig, when I, from shelter of the bow, obviated this necessity. For lack of better defense, I had turned the butt of my empty gun toward him, ready, if he should attack me. This he did, and instead of evading my weak thrust, he came to meet it. With a ferocious grunt, he seized the gun between his jaws. I verily expected to see it follow the flask. But being unable to swallow this, he set his teeth into the wood,

holding it as with a death grip, and shaking it savagely. We were quite satisfied with this state of affairs and took advantage of it to hasten to the landing. Just after we reached the shore the other boat came in, its occupants having heard our guns and thinking they might reach us before the "finish." The Yankee expressed his astonishment and admiration in a forceful, if inelegant, exclamation, on learning that the game was mine and quite cheerfully helped to land and bind our captive. It required some time to free the gun from his stubborn jaws. The dents in the wood were as deep as his teeth were long.

If you should ever visit the Bronx Zoological Gardens in New York, you can see in the east wing of the Reptile Building an enclo sure labeled *alligator mississipiensis.* It encloses a tank. In this you can see the trophy of my first alligator hunt.

MARY LEE'S HAPPIEST CHRISTMAS.

BELLE STRICKLAND.

The day before Christmas had seemed a long and tiresome one for Mary Lee. She had come with her father in an open buggy, all the way from her home in town to her grandmother's, a distance of fourteen miles, into the country, and it was dark when they reached the end of their journey.

As the hired boy, John, came out to the gate to take the horse to the barn, Mary and her father, carrying numerous bags and boxes, hurried into the kitchen, where they knew they would find Mrs. Lee and her sister. Then what a welcome they received! Tears of joy rolled down the wrinkled cheeks of the aged grandmother as once more she looked into the faces of her son and granddaughter. Her sister Jane, however, was more self-controlled. After taking their wraps, she busied herself in trying to make them comfortable.

When supper was over all gathered around the kitchen fire-

place, for the kitchen served as sitting-room, dining-room and cook-room, all in one, and by the light of burning pine-knots they talked of the many things that had happened since they had last met.

Mary was very anxious to know about her grandmother's neighbors, many of whom she had met upon a former visit. She remembered them as being illiterate people, but they seemed to her to have been the most contented, neighborly people she had ever known.

"Grandmother," said Mary, "where is Aunt Betsy? I expected she would come over to see us tonight."

"Oh, she is still living at her brother's," Mrs. Lee replied, "but Betsy has been ailing lately, and the weather being so cold, I don't expect she'll come tonight."

Aunt Betsey, as every one called her, was an old woman 80 years of age, and was known miles around for her many peculiarities. Her lot in life had been a hard one. Both her father and her mother had died when she was young, and she was left to care not only for herself, but also for a younger brother. As she was poor and dependent on her own labor, she had little time to make friends among the girls in her neighborhood, and this had made her appear to people a selfish person. Now that she was old, she often boasted, among her few friends, that she had done more hard work than any other woman in the county; she had ploughed, hoed, ditched, and cut wood, just as her brother had done. In appearance she was large and very tall; her features were harsh and stern, and her eyes were blue and very keen.

Among her few friends she always numbered Mary's grandmother as the dearest and best, and no matter how bad the weather, unless she was sick, she went every day to see her.

Mary and her father knew all this, and so before leaving home they not only bought Christmas gifts for Mrs. Lee and her sister, as was their custom, but bought some for Aunt Betsey also.

"Grandmother," said Mary, when bed-time was announced, "I have a little plan to tell you before we retire. Tomorrow,

you know, is Christmas day, and we all want to enjoy it as much as possible. Aunt Jane has told me that the people around here never give the children the pleasure of having Christmas trees, and I want to know if you care if I have one tomorrow. John has already said that he would get me a little holly tree, and Aunt Jane will help me to decorate it in some way, and we will send for Aunt Betsey and her little nieces to come over here, and we will have such a good time. Now, don't you think it will be fun, grandmother?"

Of course Mrs. Lee thought so, for she, like most grandmothers, though her granddaughter ought to do whatever she wished; and so they decided to have the early breakfast next morning, in order that they might have time to decorate the tree as they wished.

"O how beautiful!" exclaimed Mary, as she looked from her window Christmast morning and saw that snow had fallen, during the night, and covered the ground. She quickly dressed and hurried into the kitchen. Her grandmother, who always arose early, was busy popping corn to be used in decorating the tree, while her aunt was preparing breakfast.

"Christmas gift, give it to me!" exclaimed both her grand mother and her aunt as she entered the room. Mary kissed them both, and said as she did so, that it was all she could give them then.

After breakfast John brought in a small holly which Mary said was exactly the right size, and they put it in the corner of the room next to the fireplace. The popped corn, which Mrs. Lee stuck on the sharp-pointed leaves, looked very pretty in contrast to the red berries and green leaves.

"Oh, I do hope Aunt Betsey can come, and bring the little girls with her," said Mary.

"They'll come," said John, "for I seen Tim just now—he's Aunt Betsey's nephew, you know—and he said they was on the way now."

"We must hurry then," said Mary, and so all helped her to hang the presents on the tree.

There were a dress and a shawl for Mrs. Lee from her son,

and a silk apron and a cushion for her chair, from Mary. Mary also gave her aunt a dress, which was very much like the one Mrs. Lee received, while Mr. Lee gave her a purse containing a ten dollar bill.

"O sister," she said, as she took the money out of the purse, "just look what I've got! A whole ten dollar bill. Now I can get that chair I've been wanting so long, and still have some left."

"John," said Mary, "here are some handkerchiefs for you, and a pair of woolen gloves." John thanked her in his awkward way and hung them on the tree where they could be seen by all.

"And I did not know what Aunt Betsey would like, but I think she will like this dress I bought her—it will be pretty trimmed with silk," continued Mary. "This black silk handkerchief is for her, too; it will look well tied over her white hair. These dolls are for the little girls," she went on. "Don't you think they will be pleased, Aunt Jane?"

"Yes indeed," answered her aunt, "for they never have had any dolls except rag ones that sister made for them."

They had just finished hanking all the gifts on the tree, when Aunt Betsey and her nieces, Sallie and Anne, came in.

"Howdy Jule, how is ye feelin' this mornin'?" said Aunt Betsey, addressing Mrs. Lee. "Ye look as spry as a cricket, and jest atalkin' and agoin' on, like ye never heard of neuralgy. And its all because ye has your boy and his darter with ye. And you say this girl is Mary, do ye? Well, I'd have never knowed her to be the same as was here last year—she's growed so much." Then, after shaking hands with Mr. Lee, she drew a chair near the hearth and sat down. As she did so she saw the Christmas tree.

"What's that ye got over there, so fixed up," she said, pointing to the tree. Sallie and Anne had seen it when they first entered the room, and were now standing with mouths as well as eyes, open.

"Why, Aunt Betsey, it's a Christmas tree," said Mary; "don't you think it pretty?"

"'Deed it is, chile; but what did ye fix it up like that for?"

"Why, to make it pretty," answered Mary, "and to please you and grandmother and the little girls."

"Folks used to have 'em when I was young, but I never was asked to one, and I never seen one before."

When all had admired the tree, Mary began to take off the presents. Sallie and Anne were over-joyed when they received real dolls like those sold in town, and after they had been given candy and fruit, they sat near the hearth to play with them. Aunt Betsey was too astonished to speak, when she found that Mary had brought her a dress—the finest one she had ever had—and was deeply touched to know that she had such a friend.

"Oh, chile, what made ye do it. Don't ye know that I'm a poor old woman, and I can't never pay ye for it." She could not believe that it was a gift.

"Aunt Betsey I mean for you to take the dress as a Christ mas present from me," said Mary.

Then it was that the old woman broke down and cried. "I always wanted to be buried in a nice dress," and she wiped the tears from her wrinkled cheeks, "but I never thought anybody keered enough for me to give me one." Do ye mean to say that this silk 'kerchief is mine, too?" she asked.

"Yes, Aunt Betsey, it will be nice to wear over your head, sometimes, instead of your white ones."

"Chile, what makes ye give me so much? Don't you know I've been a cross old woman, that nobody ever loved. I used to hate 'most everybody, 'cause I thought they hated me. I don't feel like that now, though," and she began to cry again, "for I've been tryin'—to do—like Jule has told me—lately. And chile I shan't use that 'kerchief—but when I am dead they shall cover my old ugly face with it—and they shall put this dress on me, too. Then when they look at me for the last time in this world, they will know that I had another friend besides Jule. And Mary, I'm old now and I don't reckon I can ever pay ye for these things, but God will pay ye for them, for He always pays and blesses such as ye are."

"Papa," said Mary the next day, as they were on their way home, "did you enjoy this Christmas—I mean did it seem like Christmas to you?"

"Why yes, Mary; why do you ask?" he said.

"Because it has been the happiest Christmas I ever spent," she replied.

"'Tis easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows along like a song;
But the girl who's worth while,
Is the girl who can smile,
When everything goes dead wrong."